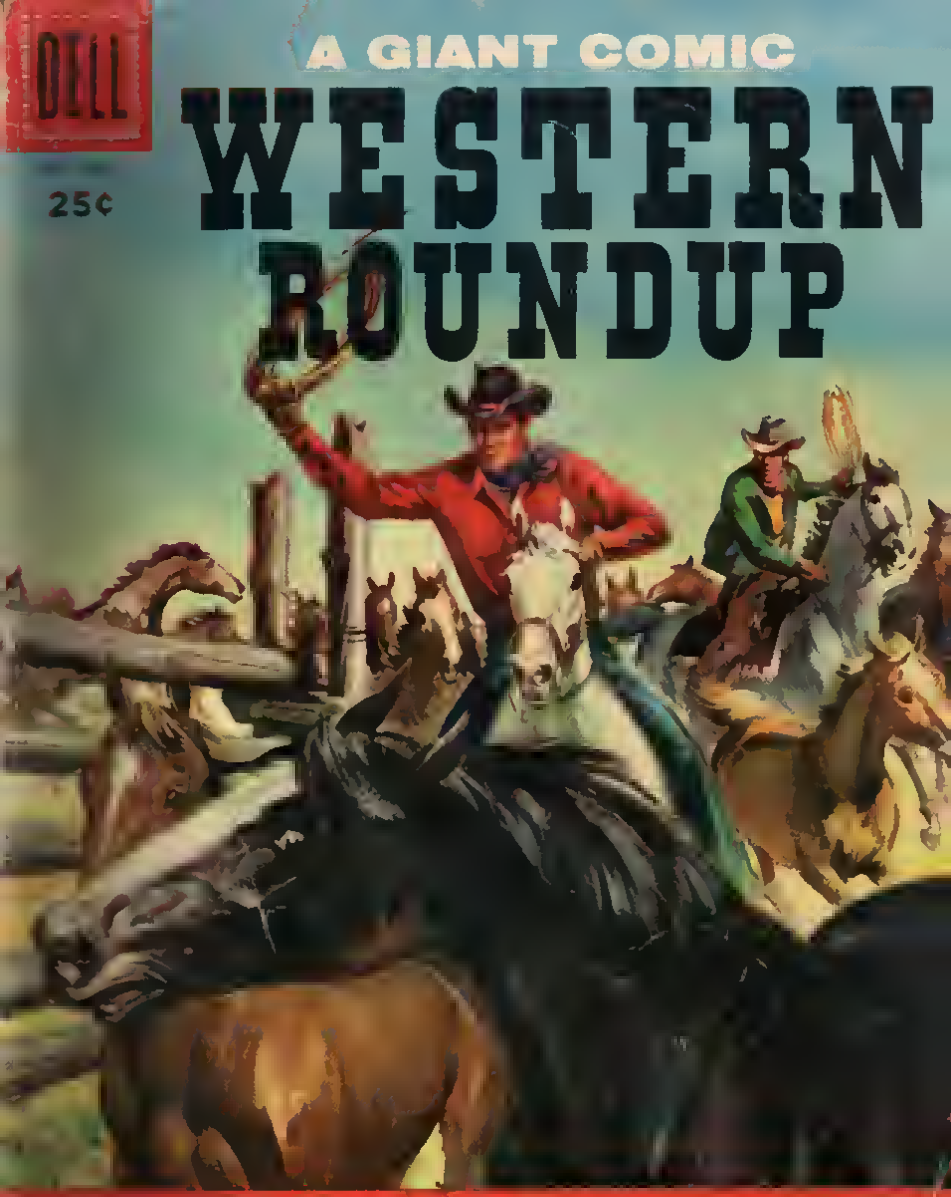
DELL

25¢

A GIANT COMIC

WESTERN ROUNDUP

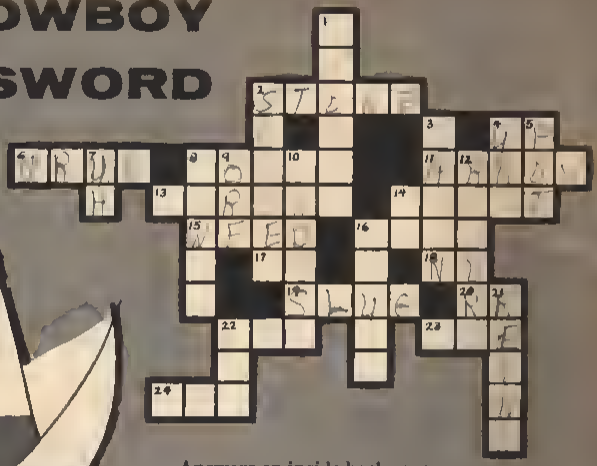


featuring:

ROY ROGERS
DALE EVANS
RANGE RIDER

REX ALLEN
JOHNNY MACK BROWN
BUFFALO BILL JR.

COWBOY CROSSWORD



Answers on inside back cover

ACROSS

2 A large rock
4 Opposite of "down"
6. What cowboys usually call "food"
8 A cowboy's best friend
11 A slender shaft shot from a bow
1 An enclosure for livestock.
14 An old-time stage robber was sometimes called a "road _____"
1 An undesirable wild plant
1 The discharge of a firearm
17 Lost Dutchman (abbreviation).
18 A sheriff's command to a surprised outlaw, "Hands up and _____ tricks"
19 Another term for bullets.
20 Railroad (abbreviation)
22 A call used to direct a team of animals to the right
23 Pony Express riders, carrying the mail, their food on the run
24 To wash earth, as searching for gold.

DOWN

1 A scooplike tool used for moving earth, as in mining.
2 A reddish-brown or yellow-brown horse.
3 _____ trains were the supply lines for the west
4 A vase, a luxury brought west by pioneer women
5 A utensil carried on the chuck wagon, used for cooking food
7 An exclamation of surprise
8 A friendly western greeting
9 Metal found in its raw form
10. The leather-covered set a cowboy uses on his horse
12. A sharp, witty, quick reply
14. An exclamation denoting surprise or pleasure
16 An enclosure in a stable for a cow or horse
21. The long straps fastened to a horse's bit, used for guiding.
22 A six-shooter.

POSTMASTER Please send notice on Form 3579 to 75 Ninth Avenue New York 11 N Y
WESTERN ROUNDUP No 20 Oct Dec 1957 Published quarterly by Dell Publishing Co Inc, 261 Fifth Ave, New York 16 N Y George T Delacorte Jr President Helen Meyer Vice President Albert F Delacorte Vice President. Entered as second class matter May 22 1953 at the Post Office at New York N Y, under the Act of March 3 1879 Subscriptions in U S.A. and Canada, $1 00 per year single copies 25 cents foreign subscriptions $1 30 per year Dell Subscription Service 1 West 37th Street New York 1 N Y Designed produced and © 1957 by Western Printing & Lithographing Company All rights reserved throughout the world Printed in U S.A. The names and likenesses of Buffalo Bill Jr Roy Rogers, Dale Evans Rex Allen Johnny Mack Brown and The Flying A's Range Rider are used herein by special arrangement and except for those who have authorized the use of the names herein the stories names characters and incidents mentioned or portrayed are entirely imaginary and fictitious, and no identification with actual persons living or dead is intended or should be inferred
CHANGES OF ADDRESS should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both your old and new address enclosing if possible your old address label

Roy Rogers and TRIGGER

A TEST OF SPEED

YIPPEE! HE'S HERE! GOOD FOR YOU, ROY! WE'LL SHOW 'EM!

ROY, ROY ROGERS! YOU GOT MY TELEGRAM!

WE SEEM TO BE CAUSING SOME KIND OF EXCITEMENT DON'T WE TRIGGER?

ONE DAY, AS ROY RIDES TO ARAPAHOE...

HOW ARE YOU, SAM? OR SHOULD I SAY "MAYOR", NOW?

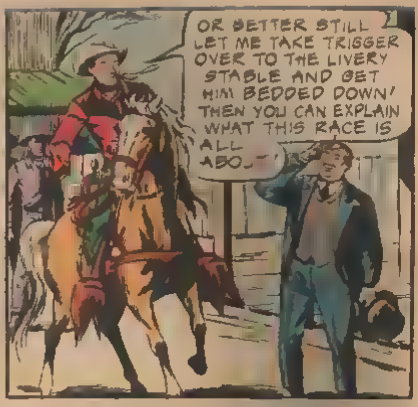
WHAT IN THUNDERATION TOOK YOU SO LONG? DON'T YOU KNOW YOU NEARLY RUINED US?

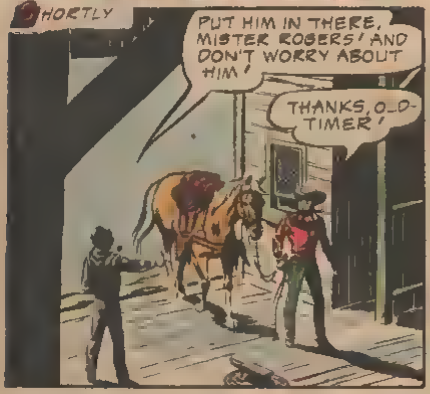
NOW, SLOW DOWN! WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

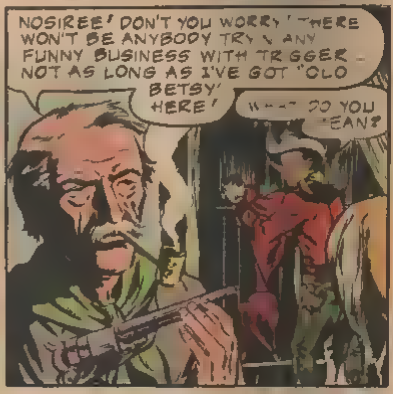
THE RACE! HOLY NED! DID I FORGET TO TELL YOU ABOUT IT IN MY TELEGRAM? YOU AND TRIGGER ARE ENTERED IN A HORSE RACE ...TOMORROW!

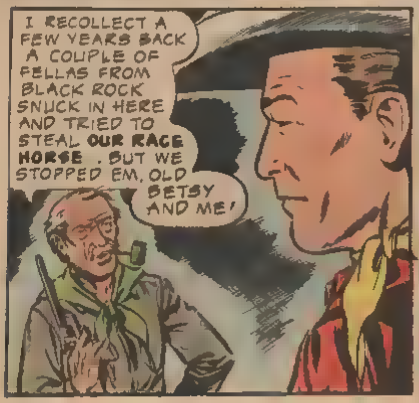
DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS

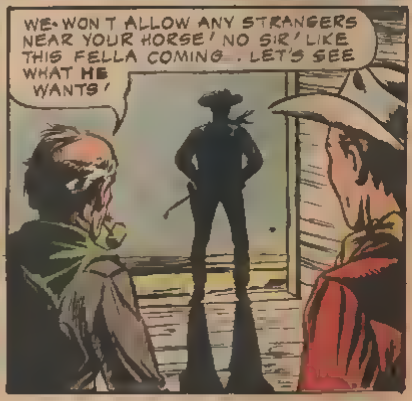
WAIT A MINUTE SAM! MAYBE WE'D BETTER START AT THE BEGINNING!

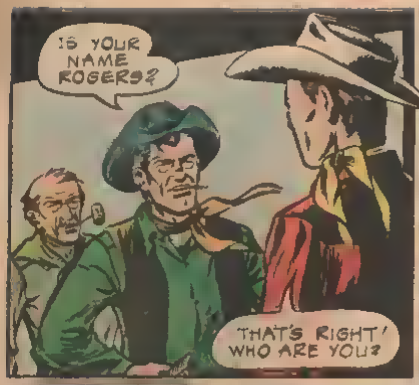

OR BETTER STILL LET ME TAKE TRIGGER OVER TO THE LIVERY STABLE AND GET HIM BEDDED DOWN! THEN YOU CAN EXPLAIN WHAT THIS RACE IS ALL ABOUT!

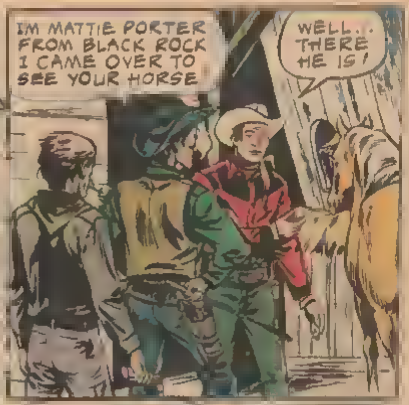

SHORTLY
PUT HIM IN THERE, MISTER ROGERS! AND DON'T WORRY ABOUT HIM!
THANKS, OLD-TIMER!


NOSIREE! DON'T YOU WORRY! THERE WON'T BE ANYBODY TRY'N ANY FUNNY BUSINESS WITH TRIGGER - NOT AS LONG AS I'VE GOT 'OLD BETSY' HERE!
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?


I RECOLLECT A FEW YEARS BACK A COUPLE OF FELLAS FROM BLACK ROCK SNUCK IN HERE AND TRIED TO STEAL OUR RACE HORSE. BUT WE STOPPED EM, OLD BETSY AND ME!


WE WON'T ALLOW ANY STRANGERS NEAR YOUR HORSE! NO SIR! LIKE THIS FELLA COMING. LET'S SEE WHAT HE WANTS!


IS YOUR NAME ROGERS?
THAT'S RIGHT! WHO ARE YOU?


I'M MATTIE PORTER FROM BLACK ROCK I CAME OVER TO SEE YOUR HORSE
WELL... THERE HE IS!

HAW! HAW! HAW! SO THAT'S THE BAG OF BONES ARAPAHOE HAS ENTERED IN THE RACE AGAINST LIGHTNING!

LOOK, MISTER! EVERYBODY'S ENTITLED TO HIS OWN OPINION, BUT I DON'T TAKE KINDLY TO ANYONE THROWING INSULTS AT MY HORSE!
WHY, LOOK AT HIM! HE'S PLUMB WORE OUT!

I BET IF I JUST
HERE! CUT THAT OUT!
WHEE-EE!

GET AWAY FROM ME, YOU OLD COOT!
HEY!
WHACK!

ALL RIGHT, MISTER PORTER! IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU WERE HEADED BACK TO BLACK ROCK!
LET GO OF ME!

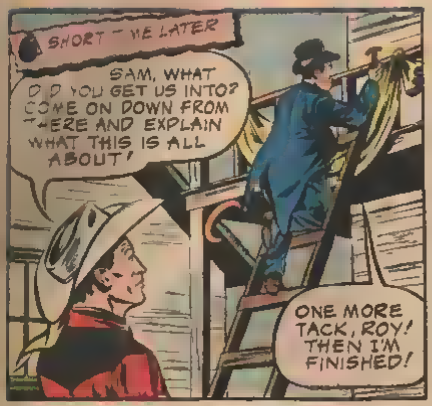
ROY LOOK OUT!
SWISH!

GIVE IT TO HIM! LET HIM HAVE IT, ROY!
SOCK!
SOCK!
BIFF!

THAT'S IT THAT'S THE ONE!
SOCK!

HAD ENOUGH?
HOLD IT! WAIT!

NOW GIT UP...AND GIT! AND DON'T COME BACK!
SWISH!

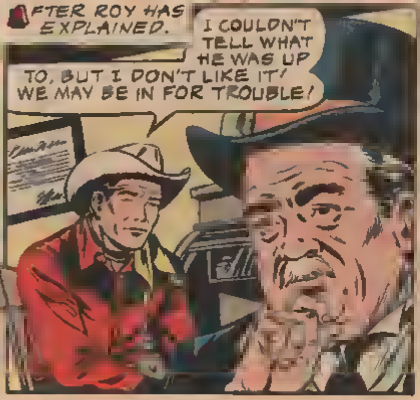

SHORT TIME LATER
SAM, WHAT DID YOU GET US INTO? COME ON DOWN FROM THERE AND EXPLAIN WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!
ONE MORE TACK, ROY! THEN I'M FINISHED!

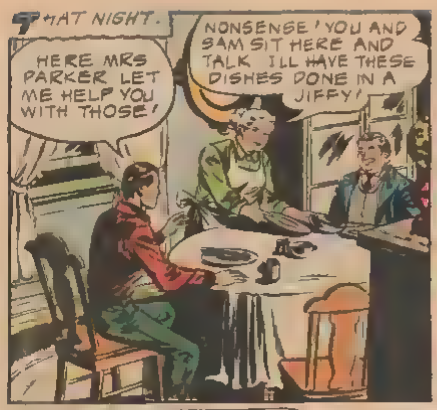
THERE ISN'T MUCH TO TELL! EVERY YEAR THE TOWNS OF ARAPAHOE AND BLACK ROCK STAGE A HORSE RACE! WE SELECTED YOU AND TRIGGER TO REPRESENT US!

THE ONLY THING IS THAT, THIS YEAR THE GOVERNOR IS COMING DOWN TO BE ONE OF THE JUDGES, AND HE'S PUTTING UP TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS OF HIS OWN MONEY AS A PRIZE TO THE WINNING CITY!
MAYOR'S OFFICE
I SEE...

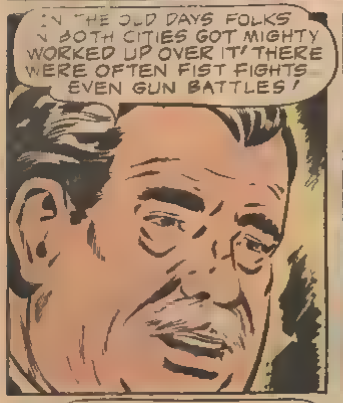
ROY, WE NEED TO WIN THAT MONEY AWFUL BAD! WE WANT TO BUILD A SCHOOLHOUSE FOR OUR YOUNG-UNS!

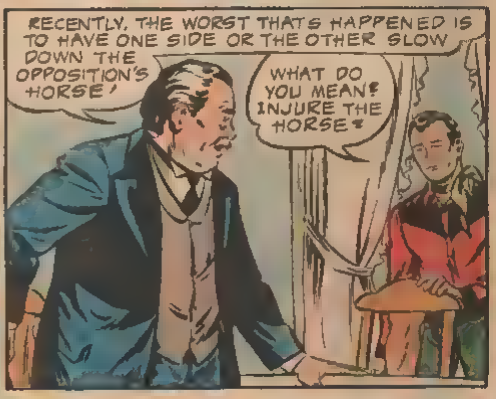
I GUESS BLACK ROCK WANTS TO WIN JUST AS BADLY... OR MAYBE WORSE! I HAD A RUN-IN WITH ONE OF THEIR TOUGH BOYS DOWN AT THE STABLE!
WHO? WHAT HAPPENED?


AFTER ROY HAS EXPLAINED.
I COULDN'T TELL WHAT HE WAS UP TO, BUT I DON'T LIKE IT! WE MAY BE IN FOR TROUBLE!

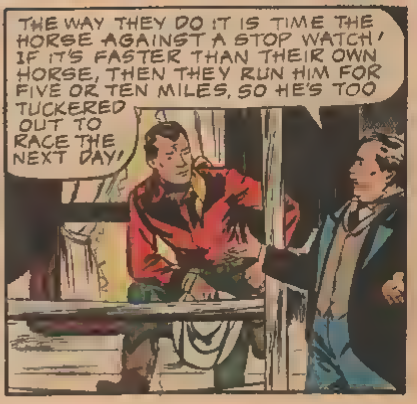

THAT NIGHT.
HERE MRS PARKER LET ME HELP YOU WITH THOSE!
NONSENSE! YOU AND SAM SIT HERE AND TALK. I'LL HAVE THESE DISHES DONE IN A JIFFY!

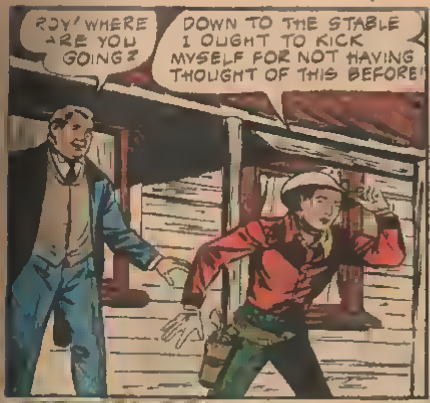
YOU KNOW I'VE BEEN WONDERING JUST HOW FAR THOSE PEOPLE FROM BLACK ROCK MIGHT GO TO MAKE SURE THEY WIN THIS HORSE RACE!
THERE'S NO TELLING


IN THE OLD DAYS FOLKS IN BOTH CITIES GOT MIGHTY WORKED UP OVER IT! THERE WERE OFTEN FIST FIGHTS— EVEN GUN BATTLES!

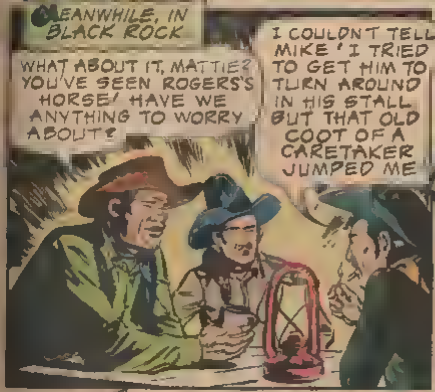

RECENTLY, THE WORST THAT'S HAPPENED IS TO HAVE ONE SIDE OR THE OTHER SLOW DOWN THE OPPOSITION'S HORSE!
WHAT DO YOU MEAN? INJURE THE HORSE?

NO...NOBODY AROUND HERE GOES SO FAR AS TO INJURE AN ANIMAL! BUT THAT DOESN'T STOP THEM FROM TRYING TO STEAL HIM THE NIGHT BEFORE THE RACE!

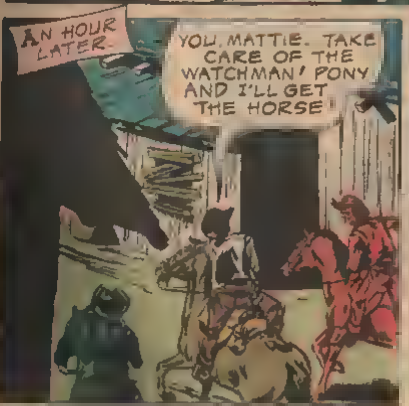

THE WAY THEY DO IT IS TIME THE HORSE AGAINST A STOP WATCH! IF IT'S FASTER THAN THEIR OWN HORSE, THEN THEY RUN HIM FOR FIVE OR TEN MILES, SO HE'S TOO TUCKERED OUT TO RACE THE NEXT DAY!


ROY! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
DOWN TO THE STABLE I OUGHT TO KICK MYSELF FOR NOT HAVING THOUGHT OF THIS BEFORE!

WAIT, COME BACK! YOU DON'T HAVE TO WORRY! THE OLD-TIMER'S THERE ON GUARD

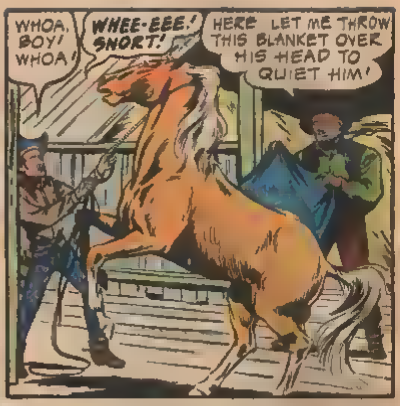

MEANWHILE, IN BLACK ROCK
WHAT ABOUT IT, MATTIE? YOU'VE SEEN ROGERS'S HORSE! HAVE WE ANYTHING TO WORRY ABOUT?
I COULDN'T TELL MIKE! I TRIED TO GET HIM TO TURN AROUND IN HIS STALL BUT THAT OLD COOT OF A CARETAKER JUMPED ME

WELL, THEN, THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT! COME ON.. LET'S GO!

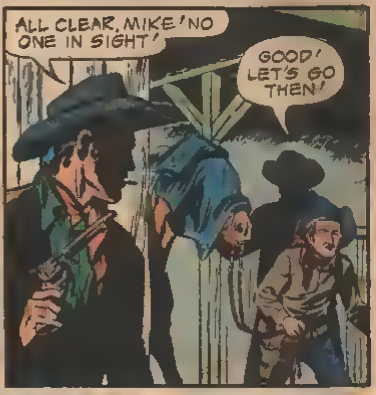

AN HOUR LATER.
YOU, MATTIE. TAKE CARE OF THE WATCHMAN! PONY AND I'LL GET THE HORSE!

WITH GUNS DRAWN, THE THREE MEN CREEP FURTIVELY INTO THE LIVERY STABLE...
SH-SH-SH!

HE'S ASLEEP!
BLINDFOLD HIM! AND TIE HIM UP! THEN GET OUTSIDE AND KEEP A SHARP LOOKOUT!

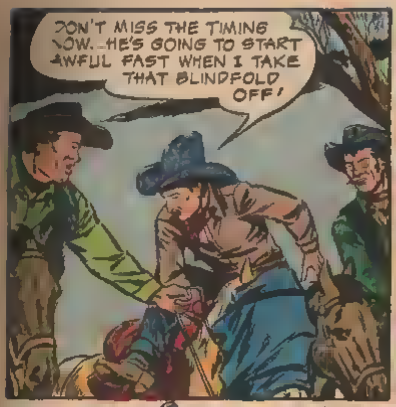

WHOA, BOY! WHOA!
WHEE-EEE! SNORT!
HERE LET ME THROW THIS BLANKET OVER HIS HEAD TO QUIET HIM!

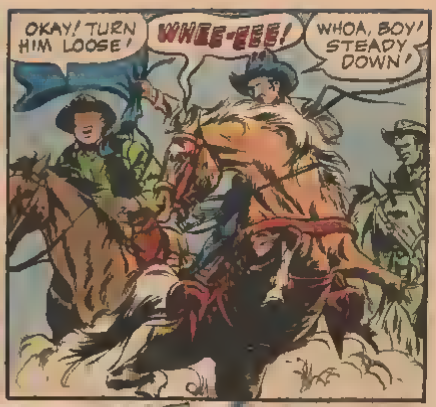
CAREFUL NOW... AND BE QUIET!


ALL CLEAR, MIKE! NO ONE IN SIGHT!
GOOD! LET'S GO THEN!

BOON
HERE'S THE SPOT UP AHEAD... BY THAT TREE! LET'S SEE WHAT HE CAN DO!

HERE'S THE STOP WATCH! ARE YOU READY, PONY?


DON'T MISS THE TIMING NOW..HE'S GOING TO START AWFUL FAST WHEN I TAKE THAT BLINDFOLD OFF!

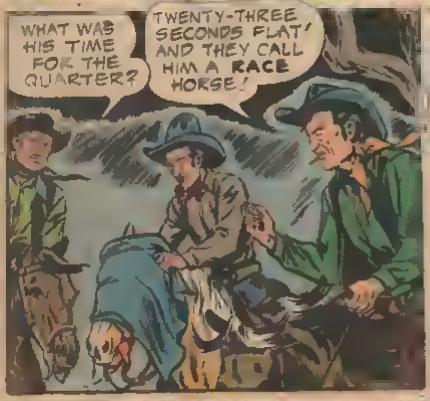

OKAY! TURN HIM LOOSE!
WHEE-EEE!
WHOA, BOY! STEADY DOWN!

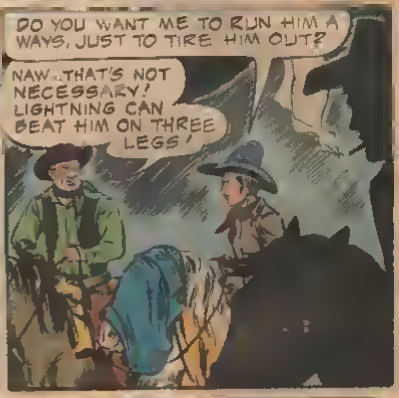
HORSE, YOU'RE ASKING FOR IT!
HU-U-U-UU!

AND PONY CLARK USES HIS SPURS
EEE-E-E-EE! HAAW!

BOSS .LOOK AT HIM GO!
SAVE YOUR BREATH. COME ON, AFTER HIM!

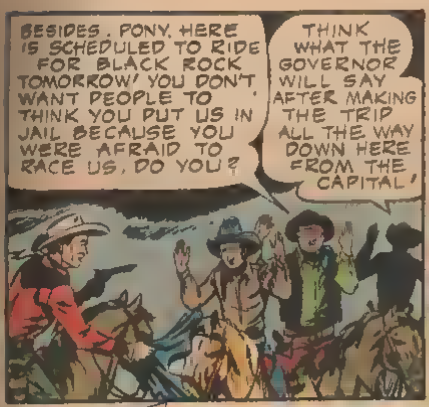
I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! WE'RE GAINING ON HIM!
PULL UP, PONY! PULL UP!


WHAT WAS HIS TIME FOR THE QUARTER?
TWENTY-THREE SECONDS FLAT! AND THEY CALL HIM A RACE HORSE!


DO YOU WANT ME TO RUN HIM A WAYS, JUST TO TIRE HIM OUT?
NAW..THAT'S NOT NECESSARY! LIGHTNING CAN BEAT HIM ON THREE LEGS!

ALL RIGHT... ALL OF YOU THROW UP YOUR HANDS!
HUH?
IT'S ROGERS!

YOU THERE! BRING MY HORSE OVER HERE AND DON'T TRY ANYTHING FUNNY! I'M TAKING ALL OF YOU IN TO THE JAIL IN ARAPAHOE!
WHAT DO YOU WANT TO DO THAT FOR, MISTER ROGERS? WE WEREN'T STEALING YOUR HORSE! WE JUST WANTED TO SEE HOW FAST HE COULD RUN!


BESIDES, PONY, HERE IS SCHEDULED TO RIDE FOR BLACK ROCK TOMORROW! YOU DON'T WANT PEOPLE TO THINK YOU PUT US IN JAIL BECAUSE YOU WERE AFRAID TO RACE US, DO YOU?
THINK WHAT THE GOVERNOR WILL SAY AFTER MAKING THE TRIP ALL THE WAY DOWN HERE FROM THE CAPITAL!

EASY, TRIGGER! THEY WON'T BOTHER YOU ANY MORE TONIGHT!
THEY THINK THEY TALKED THEIR WAY OUT OF THAT JAM... BUT THEY'RE DUE FOR A BIG SURPRISE IN THE MORNING!

THE NEXT MORNING
ANNUAL BLACK ROCK-ARAPAHOE HORSE RACE $10,000.00 PRIZE
ROY! ROY! UP HERE!
JUDGE'S STAND

HOW'S TRIGGER? IS HE ALL RIGHT?
JUDGE'S STAND
HE'S FINE! DON'T WORRY ABOUT A THING!

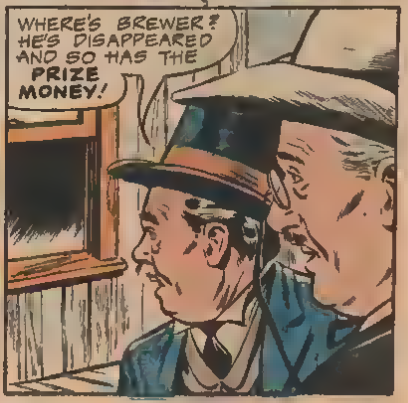
THE RACE WILL START IN ABOUT TEN MINUTES. AS SOON AS THE GOVERNOR GETS HERE! YOU'D BETTER GET DOWN TO THE STARTING LINE!
OKAY! WISH ME LUCK!

HEY, ROGERS! COME ON UP HERE AND TAKE A LOOK AT A REAL RACE HORSE!
WHAT MAKES YOU THINK I'M NOT RIDING ONE!
IF THE DUST GETS TOO THICK FOR YOU, JUST FOLLOW THE SOUND OF MY HORSE'S HOOFS...WE'LL LEAD YOU TO THE FINISH LINE!
SOON...
NOW THAT EVERYONE HAS ASSEMBLED AND OUR JUDGES ARE HERE LET THE RACE BEGIN!
JUDGE'S STAND
YES, SIR, GOVERNOR!
STEADY TRIGGER! EASY NOW!
BANG!
LET HER GO!
YAH! YIPPAY! THEY'RE OFF!

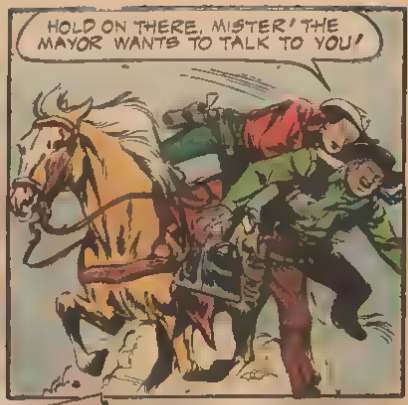
COME ON, TRIGGER! YOU CAN DO IT!
LET'S GO, LIGHTNING! WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU?

HE DID IT! HE WON! BY FOUR LENGTHS, PULLING AWAY!
TAKE IT EASY!

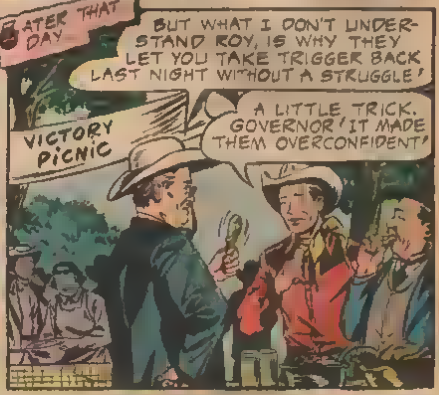
WHAT A HORSE, EH, GOVERNOR? WHAT A RIDER!
YES, BUT...

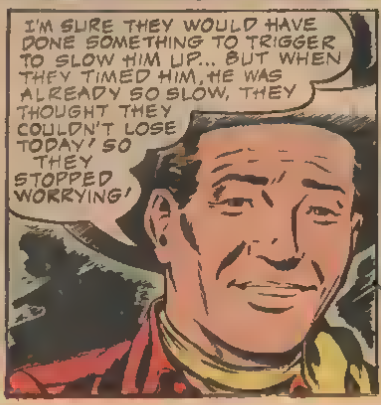

WHERE'S BREWER? HE'S DISAPPEARED AND SO HAS THE PRIZE MONEY!

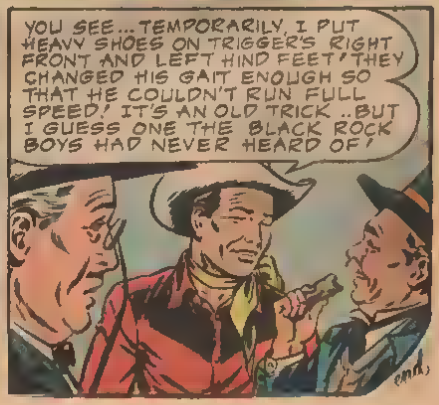
ROY, STOP HIM! HES GOT THE TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS!

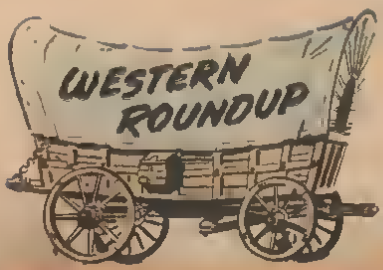

HOLD ON THERE, MISTER! THE MAYOR WANTS TO TALK TO YOU!

YOU AGAIN? DON'T YOU KNOW WHEN YOU'RE LICKED?


LATER THAT DAY
BUT WHAT I DON'T UNDERSTAND ROY, IS WHY THEY LET YOU TAKE TRIGGER BACK LAST NIGHT WITHOUT A STRUGGLE!
VICTORY PICNIC
A LITTLE TRICK, GOVERNOR! IT MADE THEM OVERCONFIDENT!


I'M SURE THEY WOULD HAVE DONE SOMETHING TO TRIGGER TO SLOW HIM UP... BUT WHEN THEY TIMED HIM, HE WAS ALREADY SO SLOW, THEY THOUGHT THEY COULDN'T LOSE TODAY! SO THEY STOPPED WORRYING!


YOU SEE... TEMPORARILY, I PUT HEAVY SHOES ON TRIGGER'S RIGHT FRONT AND LEFT HIND FEET! THEY CHANGED HIS GAIT ENOUGH SO THAT HE COULDN'T RUN FULL SPEED! IT'S AN OLD TRICK ..BUT I GUESS ONE THE BLACK ROCK BOYS HAD NEVER HEARD OF!

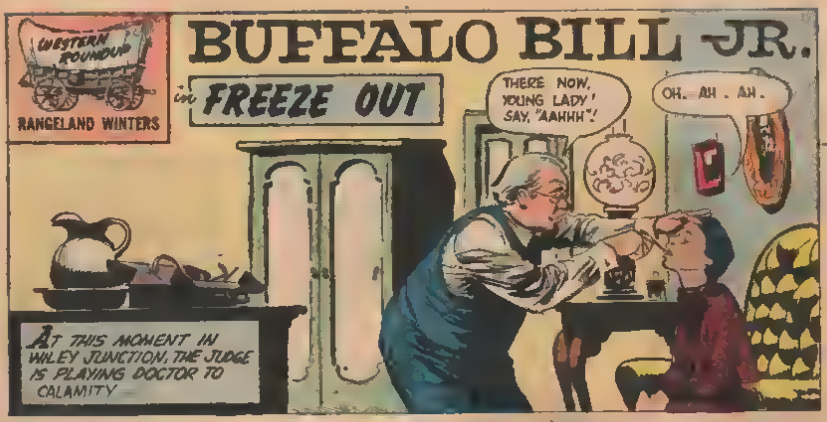


RANGELAND WINTERS

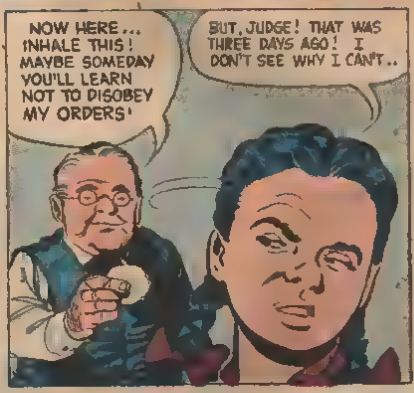
Blizzard! More feared than Blackfeet war whoops was the icy wind that roared down from the north, with raging snow so thick that it turned day into night. Cowboys used to say these storms "jes' poured off the North Pole with nothin' to stop 'em but a bob-wire fence."

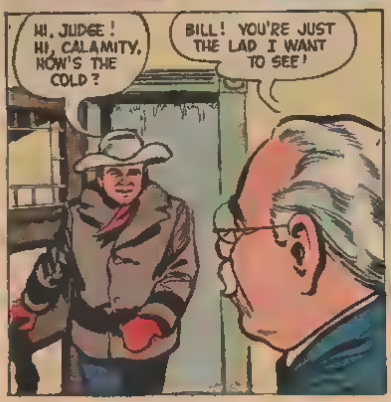
Three feet of snow might fall in two days, blanketing everything, drifting over houses and barns. Only the hardiest dared to travel. One prairie-dweller set out on a stormy night, leaving a neighbor's house for his own home four miles away. After wearily trudging through drifting snow for hours, he finally decided to sit down and wait for morning light. When dawn did come, the half-frozen gentleman saw that he had spent the night right next to his own house!

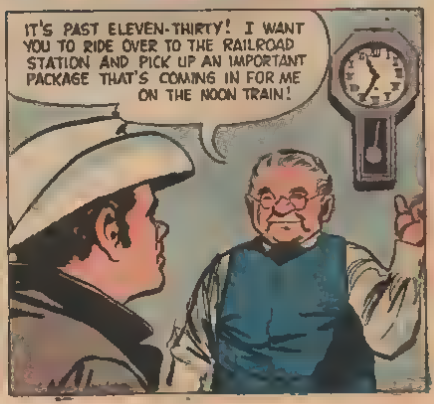
Men suffered in blizzards, but their animals fared even worse. Unable to survive in the open, horses, cattle, hogs, and fowl needed special attention. Settlers tied ropes from house to barn so they would not get lost going out to feed their stock. And when a sturdy barn was not available, families shared their homes with their livestock. Two or three horses and a couple of cows could make for pretty crowded quarters!


WESTERN ROUNDUP
RANGELAND WINTERS
BUFFALO BILL JR.
in FREEZE OUT
THERE NOW, YOUNG LADY! SAY, "AAHHH"!
OH. AH. AH.
AT THIS MOMENT IN WILEY JUNCTION, THE JUDGE IS PLAYING DOCTOR TO CALAMITY

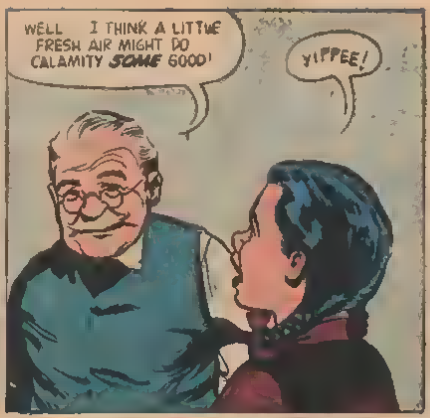
...CHOO!
YOU SEE? I TOLD YOU THAT ICE WAS TOO THIN FOR SKATING!


NOW HERE... INHALE THIS! MAYBE SOMEDAY YOU'LL LEARN NOT TO DISOBEY MY ORDERS!
BUT, JUDGE! THAT WAS THREE DAYS AGO! I DON'T SEE WHY I CAN'T..

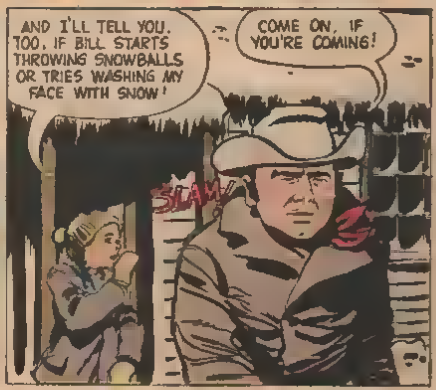

HI, JUDGE! HI, CALAMITY. HOW'S THE COLD?
BILL! YOU'RE JUST THE LAD I WANT TO SEE!


IT'S PAST ELEVEN-THIRTY! I WANT YOU TO RIDE OVER TO THE RAILROAD STATION AND PICK UP AN IMPORTANT PACKAGE THAT'S COMING IN FOR ME ON THE NOON TRAIN!

CAN I GO TOO JUDGE? CAN I?
AWWW! WHAT DO YOU ALWAYS HAVE TO TAG ALONG FOR? BESIDES YOU'RE SICK!


WELL I THINK A LITTLE FRESH AIR MIGHT DO CALAMITY SOME GOOD!
YIPPEE!

BUT MIND YOU NOW. DON'T LET HER GET HER FEET WET! AND NO ICE SKATING!
YESSIR, JUDGE! I'LL REMEMBER!


AND I'LL TELL YOU, TOO, IF BILL STARTS THROWING SNOWBALLS OR TRIES WASHING MY FACE WITH SNOW!
COME ON, IF YOU'RE COMING!
SLAM

MEANWHILE, AT THE WILEY JUNCTION RAILROAD STATION...
V.R. #20 - STW(17)

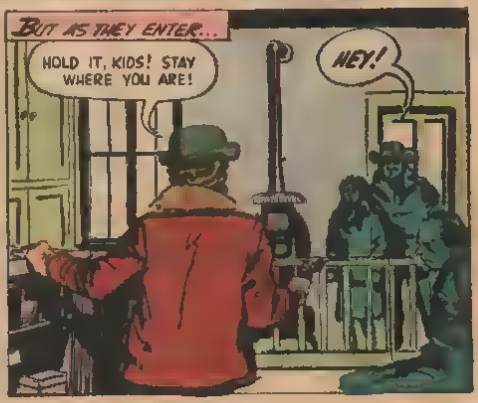
WHY... WHAT?
DON'T MAKE A SOUND AND YOU WON'T GET HURT!

SOON...
NO SIGN OF THE TRAIN YET!
I BET IT'LL BE LATE JUST BECAUSE WE HURRIED!

PROBABLY WILL BE! REMEMBER LAST YEAR WHEN IT SNOWED? ALL THE TRAINS WERE OFF SCHEDULE!
ATO

LOOK! SOMEBODY ELSE IS WAITING FOR THE TRAIN!
I DON'T RECOGNIZE THE HORSE! MAYBE SOME STRANGER JUST STOPPED IN TO WARM HIMSELF AT MR BOTTS'S STOVE!

ANYWAY ..WE GOT YOU HERE WITHOUT GETTING YOUR FEET WET!
THAT STOVE'LL FEEL AWFULLY GOOD! IT'S COLD TODAY!

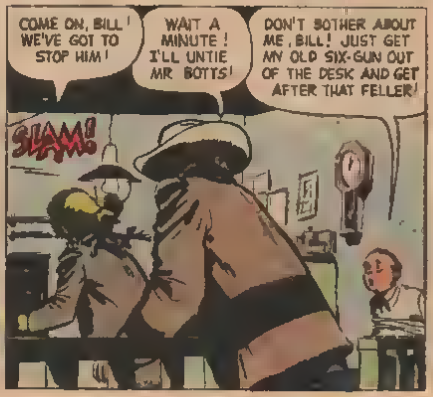

BUT AS THEY ENTER...
HOLD IT, KIDS! STAY WHERE YOU ARE!
HEY!

GET OVER THERE AGAINST THAT WALL' AND KEEP YOUR HANDS UP!
BILL! DO SOMETHING!

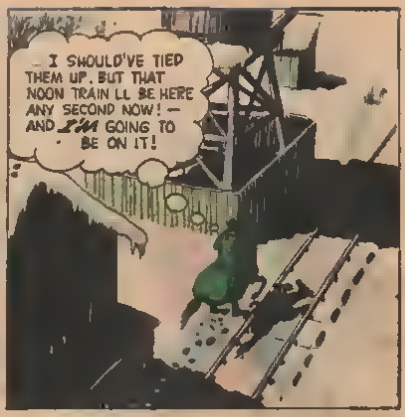
YOU, YOUNGSTER! COLLECT YOUR BOYFRIEND'S GUN AND BRING IT TO ME!
NO!
BETTER DO AS HE SAYS, CALAM!

THAT'S A GOOD GIRL! NOW GO BACK AND STAND ALONGSIDE HIM!
BESIDES... HE'S NOT MY BOYFRIEND! BILL'S MY... AH... AH...

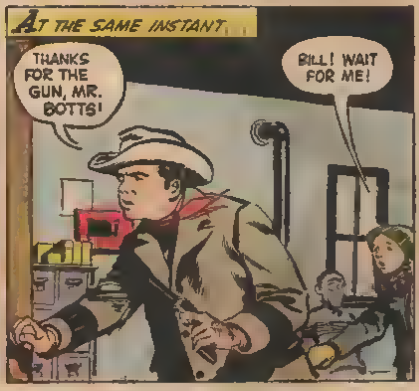
...CHOOOO!
JUST STAY THERE AND DON'T MOVE FOR FIVE MINUTES! I DON'T WANT ANYBODY FOLLOWING ME!


COME ON, BILL! WE'VE GOT TO STOP HIM!
WAIT A MINUTE! I'LL UNTIE MR. BOTTS!
DON'T BOTHER ABOUT ME, BILL! JUST GET MY OLD SIX-GUN OUT OF THE DESK AND GET AFTER THAT FELLER!
SLAM!

OUTSIDE...
I GUESS I SCARED THOSE KIDS PLENTY! AT LEAST THEY'RE NOT FOLLOWING ME! ..


... I SHOULD'VE TIED THEM UP. BUT THAT NOON TRAIN LL BE HERE ANY SECOND NOW! — AND I'M GOING TO BE ON IT!

KEEP MOVING, HORSE! MAKE TRACKS! BY THE TIME ANYONE CATCHES UP WITH YOU, I'LL BE FAR, FAR AWAY!

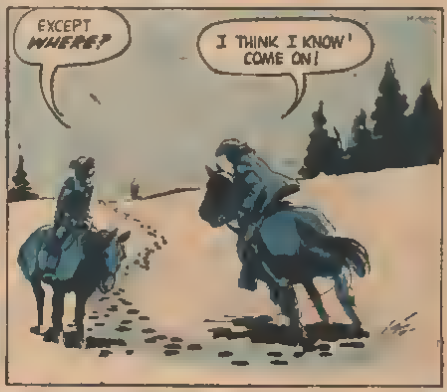

AT THE SAME INSTANT...
THANKS FOR THE GUN, MR. BOTTS!
BILL! WAIT FOR ME!

THERE ARE HIS TRACKS, HEADING NORTH ALONG THE RAILROAD!

OKAY, MISTER! THIS TIME WHEN WE MEET, YOU WON'T TAKE ME BY SURPRISE!

SHORTLY...
BILL! WHAT'S WRONG? WHY ARE YOU STOPPING?
LOOK! THERE'S THE HORSE BUT NO RIDER!

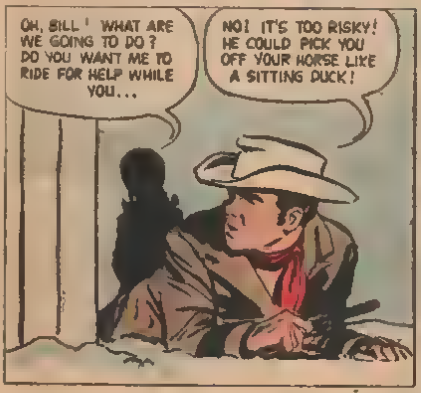
THERE ISN'T ANY PLACE IN SIGHT WHERE HE COULD HAVE JUMPED OFF WITHOUT LEAVING ANY FOOTPRINTS...EXCEPT...


EXCEPT WHERE?
I THINK I KNOW! COME ON!

THERE, CALAM! SEE HOW CLOSE HE RODE TO THAT FENCE!
I THINK YOU'RE RIGHT!

YOU ARE RIGHT, KID! DEAD RIGHT!
BLAM!
BLAM!

QUICK, CALAM' DUCK OUT OF SIGHT!
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!


OH, BILL! WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO? DO YOU WANT ME TO RIDE FOR HELP WHILE YOU...
NO! IT'S TOO RISKY! HE COULD PICK YOU OFF YOUR HORSE LIKE A SITTING DUCK!

I'VE GOT AN IDEA, THOUGH! AT LEAST IT'S WORTH A TRY!

HEY! YOU IN THERE, BEHIND THE FENCE! I'LL GIVE YOU ONE CHANCE TO SURRENDER!

THROW DOWN YOUR GUNS AND COME OUT WITH YOUR HANDS UP!
IF YOU WANT ME, COME AND GET ME!

I'M WARNING YOU I'LL FREEZE YOU OUT!
TRY IT, KID, AND I'LL MAKE IT PLENTY WARM FOR YOU!

OKAY, THEN! YOU ASKED FOR IT!

BLAM!
BLAM! BLAM
WHAT'S THE MATTER, KID? CAN'T YOU SHOOT ANY BETTER THAN THAT?

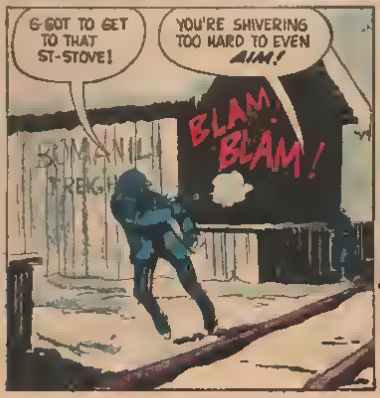
SPLOOSH!
HEY!

YOU'D BETTER COME OUT OF THERE! IN A FEW MINUTES THAT WATER WILL START TO FREEZE!
NOTHING DOING! YOU CAN'T SCARE ME!

BUT AS THE MINUTES DRAG BY AND THE WATER CONTINUES TO POUR DOWN ON THE CONFIDENT OUTLAW...
TH-THE KID'S R-RIGHT! I'M F-FREEZIN' TO D-DEATH!

I'VE G-GOT TO GET OUT OF H-HERE! I'M G-GETTIN' NUMB! MY H-HANDS!

BILL! IT WORKED! HE'S RUNNING RIGHT FOR THE STATION!
COME ON! LET'S BE SURE THAT'S WHERE HE GOES!

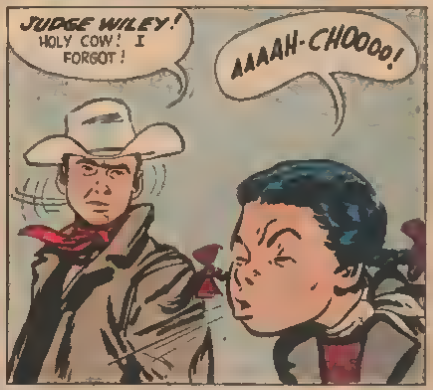

G-GOT TO GET TO THAT ST-STOVE!
YOU'RE SHIVERING TOO HARD TO EVEN AIM!
BLAM! BLAM!

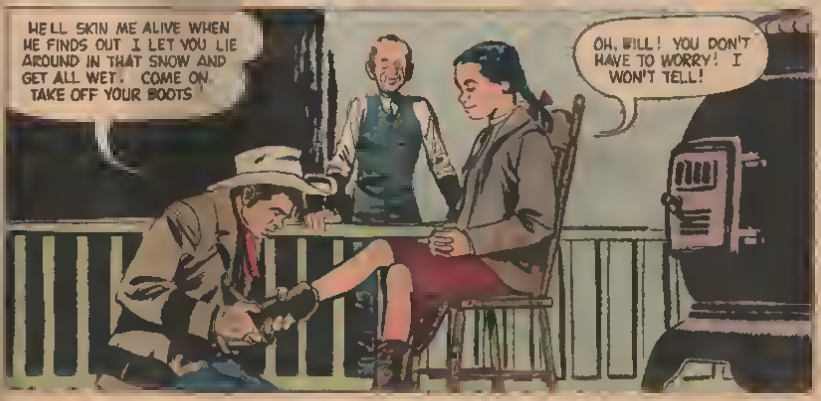
BLAST IT! MY GUN'S EMPTY! - YOU.. GET AWAY FROM ME!
NOTHING DOING!
CLICK! CLICK!

UGH!

D-DON'T HIT ME! T-TAKE ME INSIDE ...QUI-QUICK!

VERY SHORTLY..
THERE! THAT'S AS NEAT A JOB OF TYING AS HE DID ON ME!
OH BILL YOU WERE MARVELOUS! WAIT TILL JUDGE WILEY HEARS...


JUDGE WILEY! HOLY COW! I FORGOT!
AAAAH-CHOOOO!


HE'LL SKIN ME ALIVE WHEN HE FINDS OUT I LET YOU LIE AROUND IN THAT SNOW AND GET ALL WET. COME ON. TAKE OFF YOUR BOOTS
OH, BILL! YOU DON'T HAVE TO WORRY! I WON'T TELL!

VIRGINIA CITY

VIRGINIA CITY, NEVADA was first called "Varina" in honor of Jefferson Davis' wife by an ardent southern saddle-tramp named John Finney. Even in the West, feeling ran high during the Civil War. Northerners living there tried to persuade the southern minority to change the name. As a compromise, "Virginia" seemed to please both sides.

From the beginning, the town was out to make a fast dollar. The hotels, consisting of crude shacks and tents, charged outrageous rates for their services, even for renting blankets in which guests might roll up in on the bare ground. Stables fed sawdust to mules and horses for exborbitant fees.

Such extravagances had little appeal for a sheepherder named Henry Comstock, better known as "Old Pancake." Even in bitter weather, he slept out under the stars.

Wandering over the hills, Comstock stumbled upon two Irishmen who had struck a little pay dirt in nearby Spanish Ravine. Pat McLaughlin and Pete O'Reilly were panning out fair yields of gold, but passed up vast deposits of blue-black clay, calling it "that blasted blue stuff." Old Pancake moved in on their claim and at gunpoint forced them to cut him in.

The "blasted blue stuff" turned out to be the richest deposit of gold and silver ore in the world!

From then on, Virginia City's fabulous rise made history! Overnight, the entire trend of westward emigration was reversed. California's gold fields were deserted as the miners flocked to Nevada. Traffic was so dense on mountain roads leading into Virginia City that if a wagon pulled off to stop for a while, it might have to wait a week to rejoin the procession.

To his lasting regret, Old Pancake sold his holdings for a trifling $11,000. But the fabulous Comstock Lode made Virginia City a queen until the boom collapsed in the 1890s.

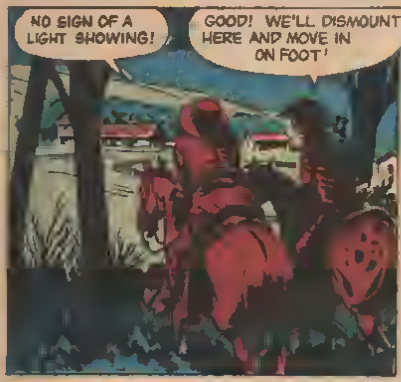
Then the queen was deserted by all but a handful of old-timers, some of whom are there to this day. They claim there is plenty of silver left in the old lods, and a few miners keep operating.

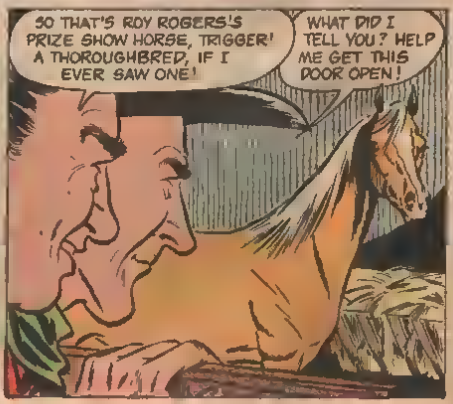
VIRGINIA CITY has even made a sort of comeback in recent years — as a tourist attraction!

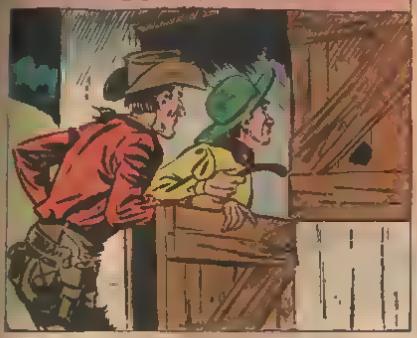
BULLET and TRIGGER

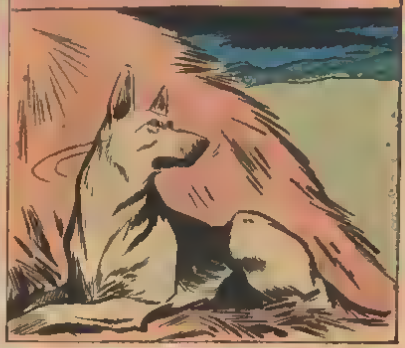
HORSE OF ANOTHER COLOR

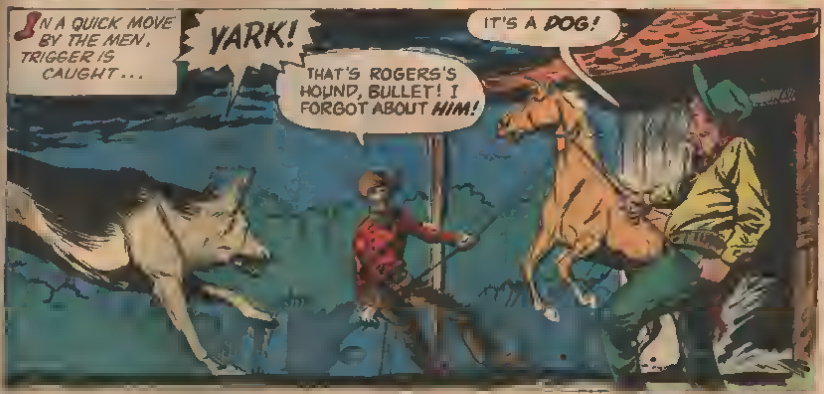
WHEN A SMART HORSE LIKE TRIGGER RUNS INTO TROUBLE, IT TAKES A BUDDY LIKE BULLET TO HELP HIM OUT OF IT WITH SOME HORSE SENSE IT ALL BEGAN ONE DARK NIGHT AT THE DOUBLE-R RANCH ...






CAREFULLY, THE STALL DOOR IS EASED OPEN, BUT A HINGE CREAKS SLIGHTLY IN THE STILL NIGHT AIR ..


NEARBY, BULLET AWAKENS AT THE SOUND, ALERT AND SUSPICIOUS...


IN A QUICK MOVE BY THE MEN, TRIGGER IS CAUGHT...
YARK!
THAT'S ROGERS'S HOUND, BULLET! I FORGOT ABOUT HIM!
IT'S A DOG!

LET'S GET THIS HORSE OUT OF HERE! WE'LL SHAKE THAT MUTT!
BEAT IT, YOU MANGY MONGREL!

HE'S TAILING US! THAT YELPING HOUND WILL AROUSE THE WHOLE COUNTRYSIDE!
I'LL SOON FIX THAT!

BLAM!

THAT STOPPED HIM! NOW WE'LL MAKE TRACKS OUT OF THIS AREA!

NEXT MORNING, AT THE DOUBLE-R RANCH...
SOMEBODY FORCED THIS DOOR DURING THE NIGHT! TRIGGER'S GONE!
SO IS BULLET, BILL! I CAN'T FIND HIM ANYWHERE!

THIS WOULD HAVE TO HAPPEN WHILE ROY AND THE CREW ARE AWAY, DELIVERING THAT CATTLE SHIPMENT! WE'D BETTER FORM A SEARCH PARTY!
WE MAY NOT HAVE TO! LOOK!

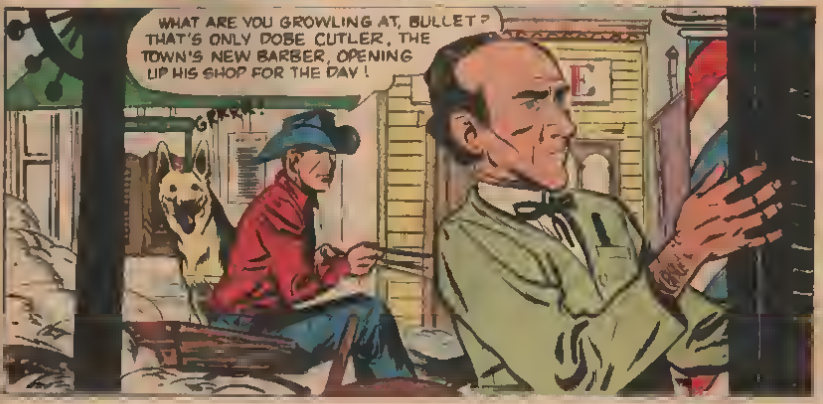
IT'S BULLET!
AND HE ACTS LIKE HE'S BEEN WOUNDED!

HE'S BEEN CREASED BY A SLUG!
THERE'S ONLY ONE ANSWER! SOMEBODY MADE OFF WITH TRIGGER -- AND BULLET GOT IN THE WAY!

HITCH UP THE WAGON! I'M HEADING FOR THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE!

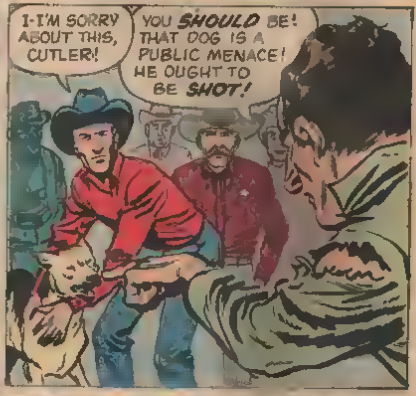
DON'T WORRY, OLD FELLA! SOONER OR LATER WE'LL CATCH UP WITH THE BUZZARD RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS!

THE RANCH WAGON SWEEPS INTO MINERAL CITY AT A RECKLESS CLIP...

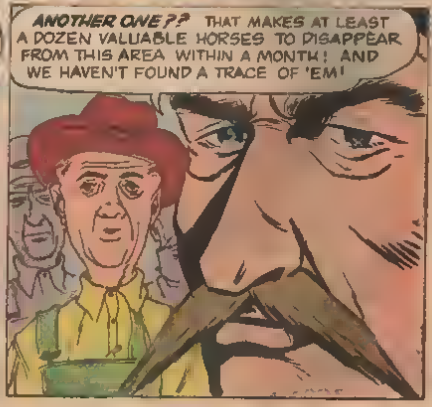

WHAT ARE YOU GROWLING AT, BULLET? THAT'S ONLY DOBE CUTLER, THE TOWN'S NEW BARBER, OPENING UP HIS SHOP FOR THE DAY!
GRRRR...
E

RECOGNIZING HIS ENEMY, BULLET LEAPS AT THE STARTLED BARBER!
GRRR-R-R-RR!

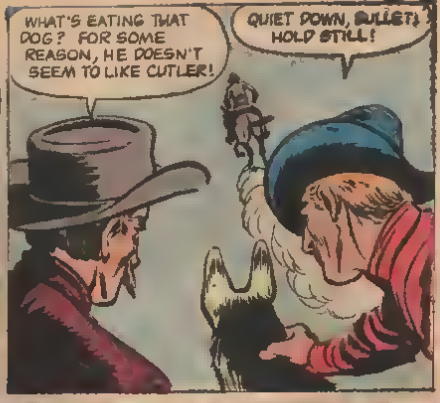
THE DOG'S GONE MAD! HELP! GET HIM OFF ME, SOMEBODY!

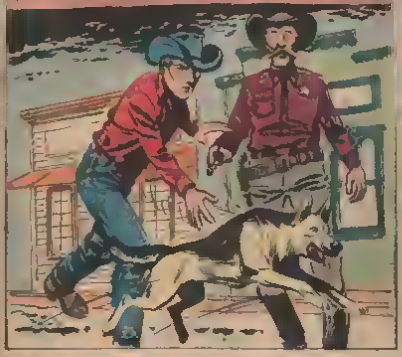

I-I'M SORRY ABOUT THIS, CUTLER!
YOU SHOULD BE! THAT DOG IS A PUBLIC MENACE! HE OUGHT TO BE SHOT!

LOOKS LIKE HE ALREADY WAS!
IT MUST HAVE HAPPENED SOMETIME DURING THE NIGHT, SHERIFF! SOME LOW-DOWN HORSE THIEF STOLE TRIGGER!


ANOTHER ONE?? THAT MAKES AT LEAST A DOZEN VALUABLE HORSES TO DISAPPEAR FROM THIS AREA WITHIN A MONTH! AND WE HAVEN'T FOUND A TRACE OF 'EM!

THEN I'LL FIND A TRACE OF 'EM -- WITH BULLET'S HELP!
MEANWHILE, MY CLOTHES ARE RUINED! I'VE GOT TO GO HOME AND CHANGE!


WHAT'S EATING THAT DOG? FOR SOME REASON, HE DOESN'T SEEM TO LIKE CUTLER!
QUIET DOWN, BULLET! HOLD STILL!


WITH A SUDDEN TUG, BULLET BURSTS FREE...

...AND STREAKS AWAY AFTER THE RECEDING HORSEMAN!...

WHILE, FAR AHEAD, CUTLER FOLLOWS A BROKEN COURSE THROUGH WILD, REMOTE COUNTRY...

...PRESENTLY REACHING AN ISOLATED GRIST MILL, THE DOOR SWINGS OPEN AT HIS APPROACH!

I HEARD YOU COMING UP THE DRAW! WHAT'S THE TROUBLE?

ROGERS'S DOG! HE RECOGNIZED ME IN TOWN AND LIT OUT AFTER ME! I MANAGED TO LOSE HIM BY DOUBLING BACK THROUGH STONY CREEK!

I HOPE SO—BUT THAT MONGREL'S A HEAP SIGHT SMARTER THAN HE LOOKS! I'VE GOT A HUNCH HE WON'T QUIT TILL HE *FINDS* TRIGGER!

BY THEN HE WON'T KNOW HIM, 'CAUSE WE'RE GOING TO FIX UP THAT HORSE RIGHT NOW!

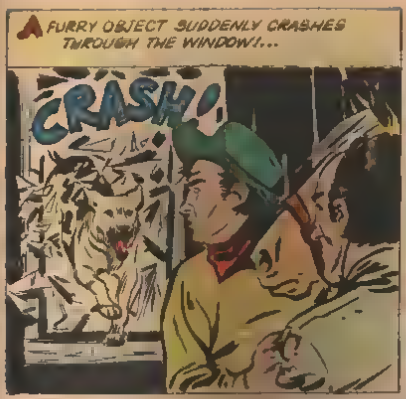
THIS DARK HAIR DYE, A FEW TUFTS OF HORSEHAIR AND SPIRIT GUM TO HIDE THE BRAND MARK, SHOULD TRANSFORM OUR FRIEND TRIGGER INTO A SLEEK BLACK BEAUTY!

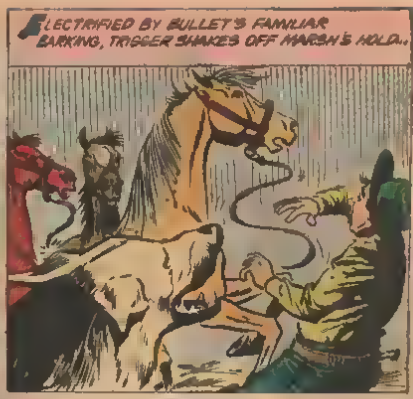
HE'LL BRING A FANCY PRICE WHEN WE RUN THIS DOCTORED HERD ACROSS THE BORDER!

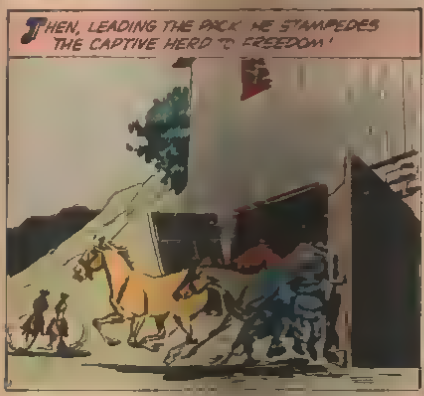
I'M READY, MARSH! BRING HIM HERE!

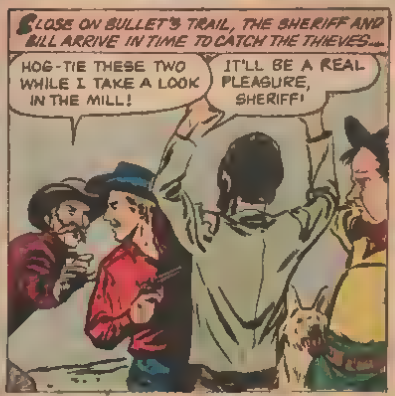
QUIT THAT WHINNYING AND *MOVE*, YOU BALKY CAYUSE!

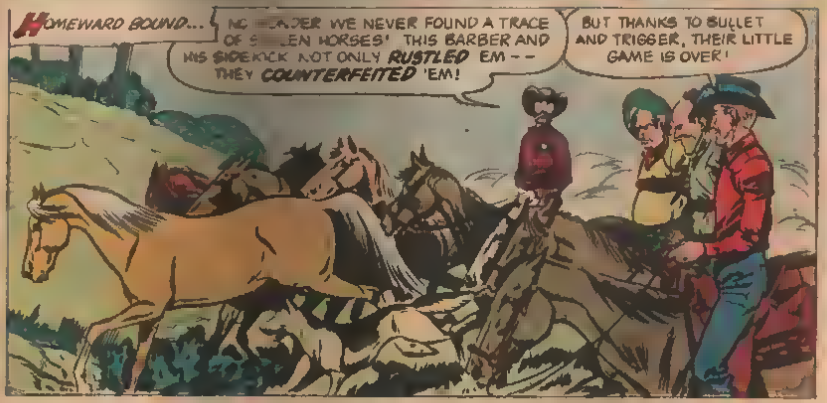
OUTSIDE, BULLET HEARS THAT WHINNY—AND RECOGNIZES IT!

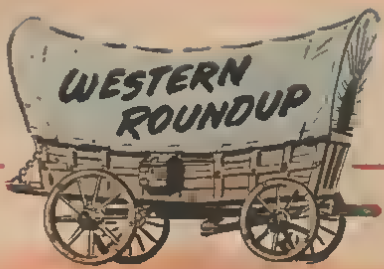

A FURRY OBJECT SUDDENLY CRASHES THROUGH THE WINDOW!...
CRASH!


ELECTRIFIED BY BULLET'S FAMILIAR BARKING, TRIGGER SHAKES OFF MARSH'S HOLD...


THEN, LEADING THE PACK HE STAMPEDES THE CAPTIVE HERD TO FREEDOM!


CLOSE ON BULLET'S TRAIL, THE SHERIFF AND BILL ARRIVE IN TIME TO CATCH THE THIEVES...
HOG-TIE THESE TWO WHILE I TAKE A LOOK IN THE MILL!
IT'LL BE A REAL PLEASURE, SHERIFF!


HOMEWARD BOUND...
NO LEADER WE NEVER FOUND A TRACE OF STOLEN HORSES! THIS BARBER AND HIS SIDEKICK NOT ONLY RUSTLED EM -- THEY COUNTERFEITED 'EM!
BUT THANKS TO BULLET AND TRIGGER, THEIR LITTLE GAME IS OVER!



Ghost Camp

The town of White Oaks, New Mexico, stands silent now, a cluster of empty houses and ragged ore dumps. But once it was a thriving gold camp, which owed its very existence to a frightened man who never told his name . . .

One day in 1880, on the site of what was to be White Oaks, two prospectors were panning unsuccessfully for gold, when a stranger rode up and joined them for lunch. The stranger was restless — abruptly, in the middle of the meal, he stood up, saying he was going to the top of a nearby hill to look around. As he sat atop the hill and scanned the countryside, he chipped nervously at a nearby rock. Without thinking, he picked up some fragments of the rock and returned to the prospectors.

To his surprise, the prospectors let out a howl of delight when they saw the rock — it was the finest of gold ore! But their mouths dropped open when the stranger calmly mounted his horse, with, "You keep the gold, boys! I'm keepin' my skin — a posse's after me!"

Quickly, the stranger rode away, never to be seen again. The gold he left behind became the great North Homestake Mine, a million-dollar bonanza and the beginning of a great gold camp!

WESTERN ROUNDUP
Ghost Camp
The Flying Ace
RANGE RIDER
in DECOY
YOU'RE LOOKING MIGHTY SORRY FOR YOURSELF, TED! WHAT'S EATING YOU?
BILLS, RANGE RIDER! ON MY PAY, I JUST CAN'T MAKE ENDS MEET!
IN BIG JOE'S COSTENAGO CAFE RANGE RIDER MEETS TED MASON A BANK MESSENGER..
I CAN'T EVEN AFFORD A PRESENT FOR MY WIFE'S BIRTHDAY TOMORROW!
SAY – AREN'T YOU RIDING THE COACH UP TO MESA TOMORROW?
RIGHT! GOT TO TAKE $20,000 WORTH OF NEW NOTES UP TO THE MESA BANK!
(SIGH!) SURE WISH SOME OF THAT MONEY BELONGED TO ME!
AW, CHEER UP, MISTER – WE CAN'T ALL BE RICH! HERE HAVE SOME MORE JAVA – ON THE HOUSE!

EARLY THE FOLLOWING MORNING, THE MESA COACH, WITH JIM ANDREWS AT THE REINS PULLS OUT.

SO LONG, BOYS! SEE YOU BACK HERE AROUND NOON!

MAYBE WE *WON'T* COME BACK, SHERIFF – ALL THIS SPENDING MONEY'S MIGHTY TEMPTING!

LATER THAT MORNING WHEN RANGE RIDER AND DICK RETURN TO THE CAFÉ...

OH OH! LOOKS LIKE WE'RE GOING TO STAY HUNGRY! JOE'S GONE FISHING!

BIG JOE'S CA

GONE FISHIN'

SHERIFF THERE OUGHT TO BE A LAW AGAINST CLOSING CAFÉS!

ONE DAY I'M GOING TO CLOSE *THAT* PLACE *PERMANENTLY!* I DON'T TRUST JOE NIMES, AND I DON'T LIKE HIS FRIENDS!

SHERIFF! – JUST GOT WORD FROM MESA – THAT MONEY HASN'T ARRIVED!

WHAT ?! THEY SHOULD'VE BEEN THERE TWO HOURS AGO!

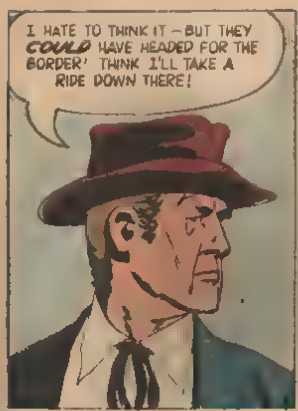
WANTED FOR ROBBERY

ZEKE SMITH

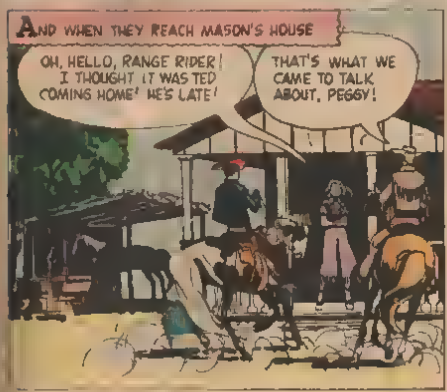
$500 REWARD

THINK THERE'S BEEN A HOLDUP, SHERIFF?

EITHER THAT – OR TED WASN'T FOOLING WHEN HE SAID THAT MONEY WAS TEMPTING!


I HATE TO THINK IT – BUT THEY COULD HAVE HEADED FOR THE BORDER! THINK I'LL TAKE A RIDE DOWN THERE!

DO YOU THINK TED STOLE THAT MONEY, RANGE RIDER?
I HOPE NOT, DICK! COME ON! LET'S GO AND TALK TO HIS WIFE!

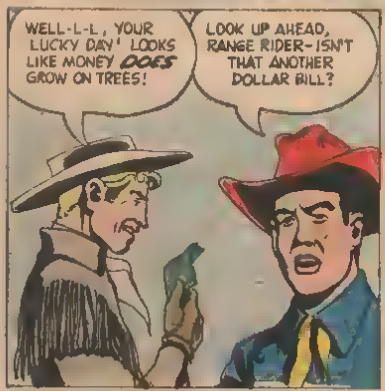

AND WHEN THEY REACH MASON'S HOUSE
OH, HELLO, RANGE RIDER! I THOUGHT IT WAS TED COMING HOME! HE'S LATE!
THAT'S WHAT WE CAME TO TALK ABOUT, PEGGY!

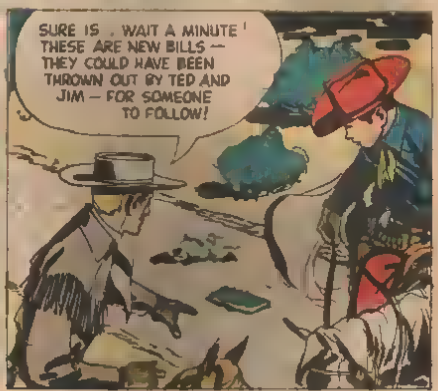
YOU MEAN, SOMETHING'S HAPPENED TO HIM?
WE DON'T KNOW! HE AND JIM DIDN'T REACH MESA!

BUT I SAW HIM THIS MORNING – HE WAVED AS HE AND JIM DROVE BY!
THEN WHATEVER'S HAPPENED MUST HAVE BEEN BETWEEN HERE AND MESA!

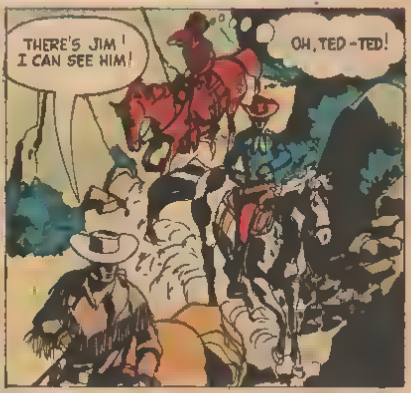
COME ON, DICK! LET'S GO FIND THAT COACH!
I'M COMING WITH YOU, RANGE RIDER!

AFTER RIDING A MILE ALONG THE COACH ROAD...
HEY, RANGE RIDER! LOOK WHAT I'VE FOUND!

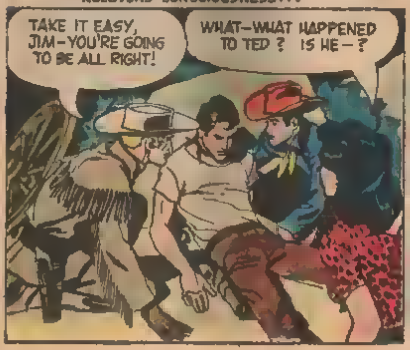

WELL-L-L, YOUR LUCKY DAY! LOOKS LIKE MONEY DOES GROW ON TREES!
LOOK UP AHEAD, RANGE RIDER- ISN'T THAT ANOTHER DOLLAR BILL?


SURE IS. WAIT A MINUTE! THESE ARE NEW BILLS — THEY COULD HAVE BEEN THROWN OUT BY TED AND JIM — FOR SOMEONE TO FOLLOW!

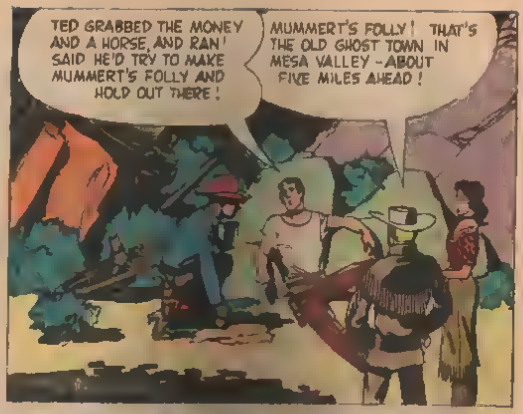
HERE'S WHERE THEY LEFT THE ROAD! SEE THE TRAIL UP AHEAD?
HOOFPRINTS, TOO! I HAVE A HUNCH THEY WERE HELD UP- AND TRIED TO MAKE A GETAWAY!

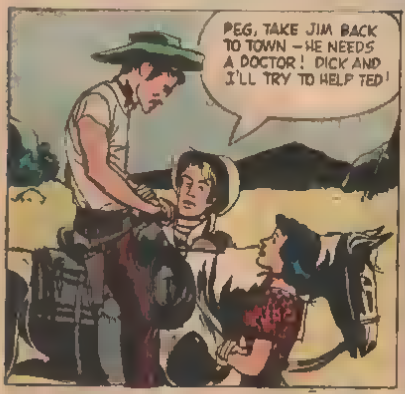


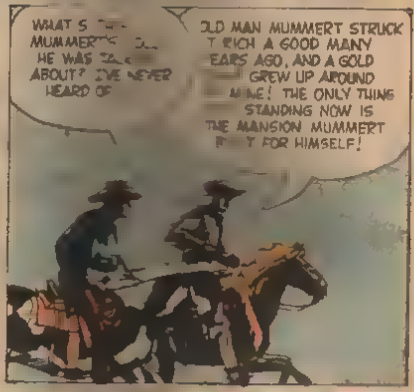
AS THEY LIFT JIM FROM THE WRECKAGE, HE RECOVERS CONSCIOUSNESS...



ROAD AGENTS STOPPED US— WE BROKE THROUGH — TRIED TO ESCAPE! BUT WE CRASHED —

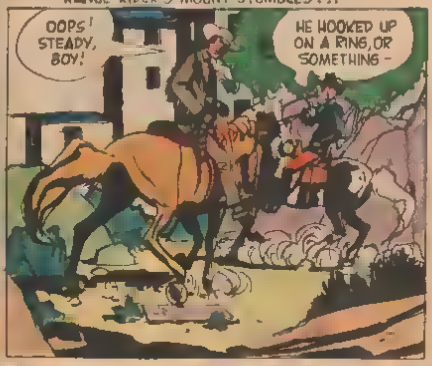

TED GRABBED THE MONEY AND A HORSE, AND RAN! SAID HE'D TRY TO MAKE MUMMERT'S FOLLY AND HOLD OUT THERE!
MUMMERT'S FOLLY! THAT'S THE OLD GHOST TOWN IN MESA VALLEY — ABOUT FIVE MILES AHEAD!


PEG, TAKE JIM BACK TO TOWN — HE NEEDS A DOCTOR! DICK AND I'LL TRY TO HELP TED!

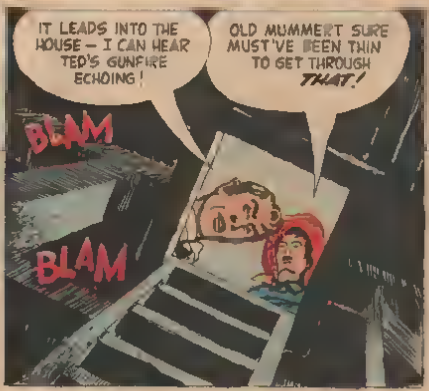

WHAT'S MUMMERT'S HE WAS ABOUT? I'VE NEVER HEARD OF
OLD MAN MUMMERT STRUCK RICH A GOOD MANY YEARS AGO, AND A GOLD GREW UP AROUND ME! THE ONLY THING STANDING NOW IS THE MANSION MUMMERT FOR HIMSELF!

SHORTLY, RANGE RIDER AND DICK GAZE DOWN ON THE FANTASTIC RUINS THAT WERE ONCE "MUMMERT'S FOLLY".
THERE IT IS... AND TED'S INSIDE THE HOUSE! THOSE HOMBRES ARE TRYING TO SMOKE HIM OUT!
BAM! BAM! BAM! BAM!
WHAT'LL WE DO? THAT GUNFIRE'S TOO HOT TO RIDE INTO!

BLAM
BAM!
LET'S TRY TO GET DOWN TOWARD THE BACK OF THE HOUSE - COME ON!

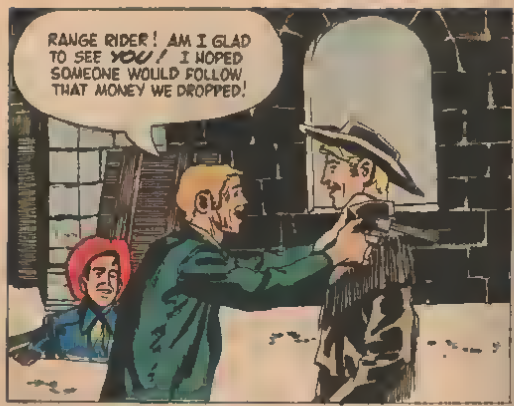

BUT AS THEY APPROACH THE REAR OF THE HOUSE, RANGE RIDER'S MOUNT STUMBLES...
OOPS! STEADY, BOY!
HE HOOKED UP ON A RING, OR SOMETHING -

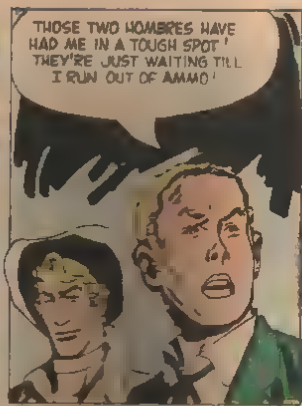
LOOKS LIKE A CELLAR DOOR - COULD BE A SECRET ENTRANCE!


IT LEADS INTO THE HOUSE - I CAN HEAR TED'S GUNFIRE ECHOING!
OLD MUMMERT SURE MUST'VE BEEN THIN TO GET THROUGH THAT!
BLAM
BLAM

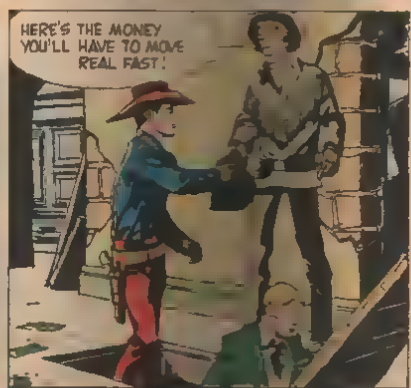
IN THE CELLAR, THEY HEAD TOWARD THE FRONT OF THE HOUSE
THERE'S A DOOR UP AHEAD! COME ON, DICK!

HOLD YOUR FIRE, TED!
WHAT - ?!


RANGE RIDER! AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU! I HOPED SOMEONE WOULD FOLLOW THAT MONEY WE DROPPED!

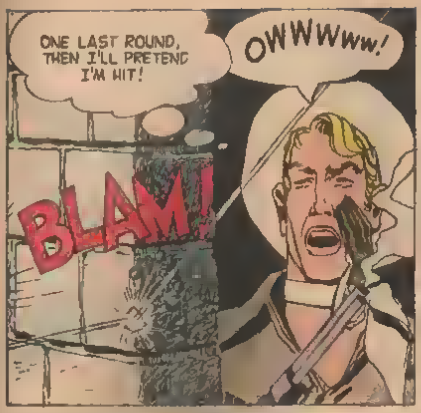

THOSE TWO HOMBRES HAVE HAD ME IN A TOUGH SPOT! THEY'RE JUST WAITING TILL I RUN OUT OF AMMO!

DICK, DO YOU REMEMBER THAT DECOY TRICK WE PULLED ONCE?
SURE! YOU WANT TO TRY IT AGAIN? COME ON, TED, I'LL SHOW YOU HOW IT WORKS!

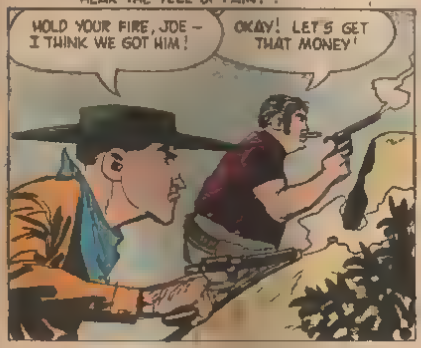

HERE'S THE MONEY — YOU'LL HAVE TO MOVE REAL FAST!

LAY A TRAIL WITH THE MONEY — DOWN THE STAIRS AND THROUGH THE CELLAR!

I'LL DRAW THEIR FIRE — YOU'RE ALL SET UP!
BLAM!

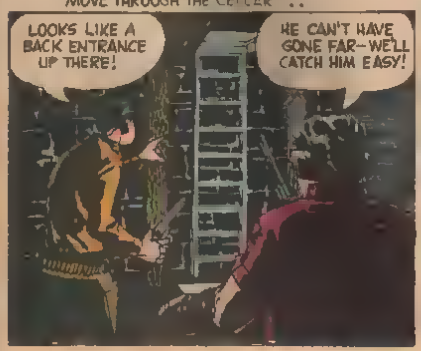


FROM THEIR HIDE-OUT, THE TWO ROAD AGENTS HEAR THE YELL OF PAIN. .



ENTERING CAUTIOUSLY, THE OUTLAWS FIND THE ROOM EMPTY .

FOLLOWING THE TRAIL OF MONEY, THE TWO MOVE THROUGH THE CELLAR ..



QUICK, DICK! CATCH HIM!
UMP!

NOW WE'LL PROP HIM UP AGAINST THIS ROCK!

AND A MINUTE LATER...
HEY, ZEKE! I'M WEDGED IN HERE! DON'T JUST SIT THERE...HELP ME!

BE BIG ENOUGH HELP YOURSELF, JOE BUT I BE GLAD HAVE YOU A HAND!

HEY, RANGE RIDER—RECOGNIZE THIS GUY? HE'S ZEKE SMITH! THERE'S A REWARD OUT FOR HIM!

SHORTLY
WELL E YOU'LL
REWARD
LECT
FOR
ZEKE
SHER
OFF

THE FIRST LAW

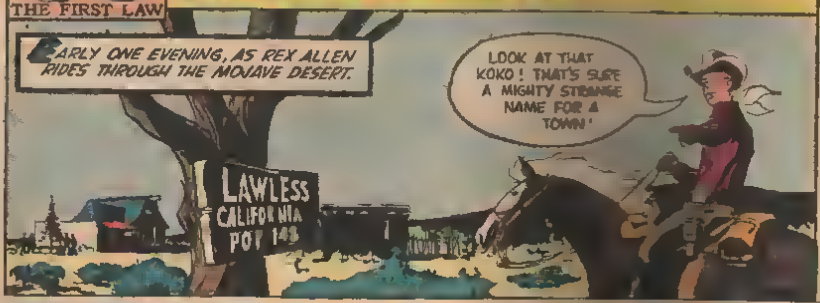
There was justice and law in the forests of Wisconsin long before the white man ever ventured westward. Here, at the gateway to the West, the Winnebago Indians lived and ruled.

The Winnebago tribe was made up of clans, each with a different duty. From the Thunderbird clan came the great tribal chief. Unlike the more warlike chiefs of the Plains Indians further west, the Thunderbird chief never went on a war party — he was the leader of his people in ways of peace, always ready to help and guide.

When the time came for war, the Winnebagoes chose a chief from the Bear Clan to lead them in battle. Even then, no Bear Clan Chief ever led an attack on a village before sunrise or after sundown when the enemy could be caught unaware. And when the war party did form for attack, they deliberately shouted loud war cries in time for the women and children of the enemy to escape to safety.

But the Winnebago Indians were not really a warlike tribe. They preferred to settle their disputes with other tribes at friendly councils — it was their belief that peace pipes made better law than tomahawks!

REX ALLEN in THIEVES TOWN



MY BEAUTIFUL TREE! YOU DIRTY POLECAT —I'LL...
HEY!

OKAY, GRAMPA ...TAKE IT EASY!
CAREFUL, MIKE! HE MIGHT HURT YOU! HAW! HAW!

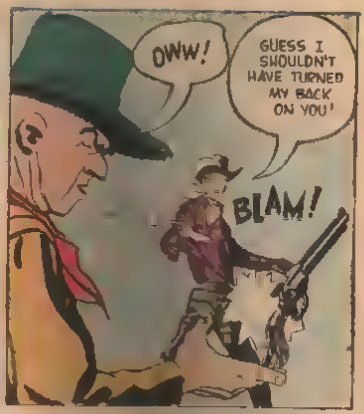
CAN'T YOU FIND SOMEONE YOUR OWN SIZE, MISTER?
HMPH!

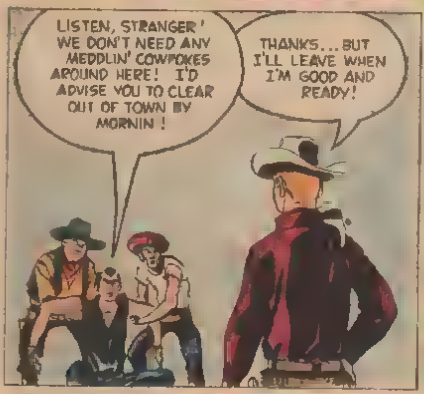
YOU'RE ABOUT MY SIZE, AREN'T YOU?

YOU BET I AM!
OOF!

BUT YOU'LL WISH I WASN'T!

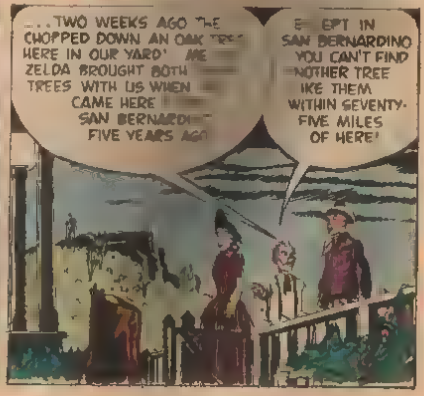
MISTER... LOOK OUT!

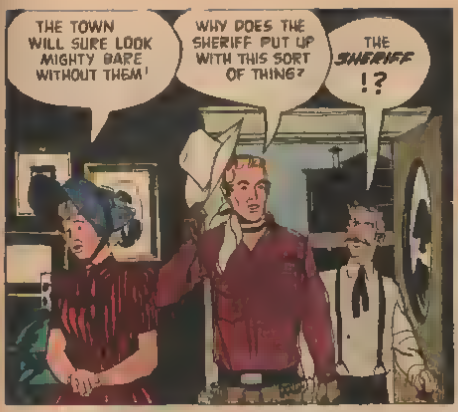

OWW!
GUESS I SHOULDN'T HAVE TURNED MY BACK ON YOU!
BLAM!

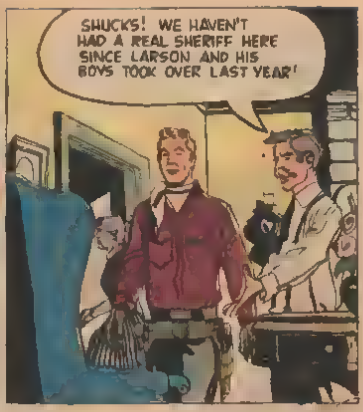

LISTEN, STRANGER! WE DON'T NEED ANY MEDDLIN' COWPOKES AROUND HERE! I'D ADVISE YOU TO CLEAR OUT OF TOWN BY MORNIN!
THANKS... BUT I'LL LEAVE WHEN I'M GOOD AND READY!

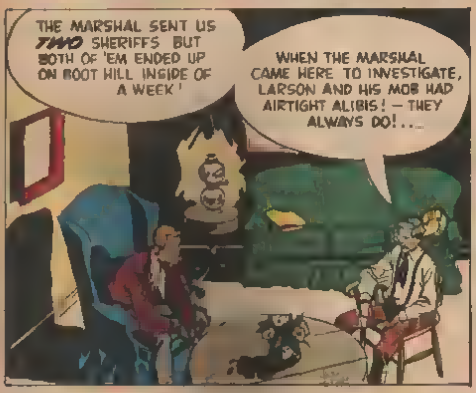
HE MEANS W
HE SAYS, STRA
HE'D JUST AS SO
KILL YOU AS
AT YOU!
APPRECIATE
HELPING ME,
MY NAME'S
NEAS COOPER'
IS MY WIFE,
ZELDA!

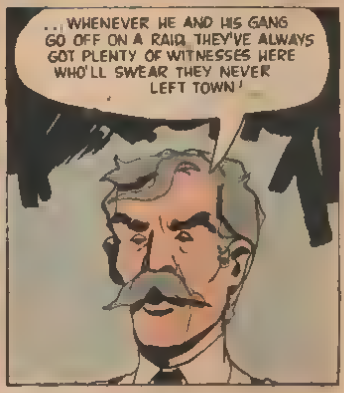
REX ALLEN'S MY NAME! BUT TELL ME WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT! WHO ARE THOSE HOMBRES?
MIKE LARSON AND HIS GANG! CUTTING THAT PINE TREE DOWN WAS THEIR IDEA OF A JOKE...

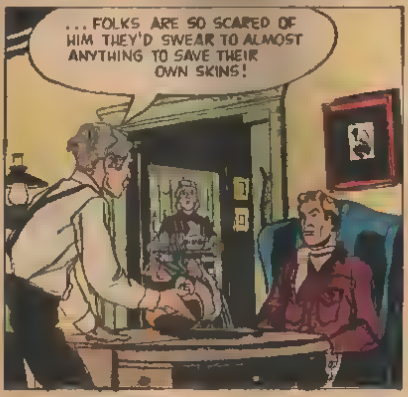

...TWO WEEKS AGO THE
CHOPPED DOWN AN OAK TRE
HERE IN OUR YARD! ME
ZELDA BROUGHT BOTH
TREES WITH US WHEN
CAME HERE
SAN BERNARDI
FIVE YEARS AGO
EPT IN
SAN BERNARDINO
YOU CAN'T FIND
NOTHER TREE
IKE THEM
WITHIN SEVENTY-
FIVE MILES
OF HERE!


THE TOWN WILL SURE LOOK MIGHTY BARE WITHOUT THEM!
WHY DOES THE SHERIFF PUT UP WITH THIS SORT OF THING?
THE SHERIFF !?


SHUCKS! WE HAVEN'T HAD A REAL SHERIFF HERE SINCE LARSON AND HIS BOYS TOOK OVER LAST YEAR!


THE MARSHAL SENT US TWO SHERIFFS BUT BOTH OF 'EM ENDED UP ON BOOT HILL INSIDE OF A WEEK!
WHEN THE MARSHAL CAME HERE TO INVESTIGATE, LARSON AND HIS MOB HAD AIRTIGHT ALIBIS! — THEY ALWAYS DO!...

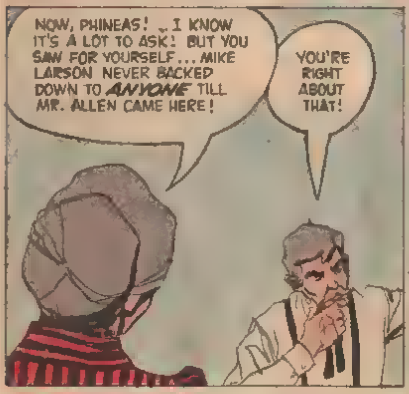

...WHENEVER HE AND HIS GANG GO OFF ON A RAID, THEY'VE ALWAYS GOT PLENTY OF WITNESSES HERE WHO'LL SWEAR THEY NEVER LEFT TOWN!


...FOLKS ARE SO SCARED OF HIM THEY'D SWEAR TO ALMOST ANYTHING TO SAVE THEIR OWN SKINS!

THIS USED TO BE SUCH A NICE TOWN BEFORE THEY CAME! BUT NOW MOST FOLKS THAT HAVE HAD ENOUGH MONEY HAVE PACKED UP AND MOVED AWAY!

THE REST OF US CAN'T LEAVE! EVERYTHING WE OWN IS HERE! WE HAVE TO STAY LIKE PRISONERS WHILE LARSON AND HIS CUTTHROATS RUN THE TOWN TO SUIT THEMSELVES!

WE NEED SOMEONE BRAVE ENOUGH TO HELP US. SOMEONE WHO'LL STAND UP TO MIKE LARSON! SOMEONE LIKE YOU, MR ALLEN!
ZELDA!


NOW, PHINEAS! I KNOW IT'S A LOT TO ASK! BUT YOU SAW FOR YOURSELF... MIKE LARSON NEVER BACKED DOWN TO ANYONE TILL MR. ALLEN CAME HERE!
YOU'RE RIGHT ABOUT THAT!

WHAT DO YOU SAY, REX?

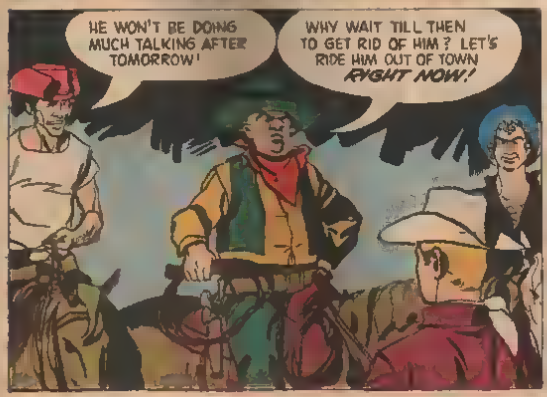
ALL RIGHT! I'LL GIVE IT A TRY!
HOORAY! I'LL GO SET UP A MEETING OF THE TOWN COUNCIL!

WE WANT EVERYTHING TO BE REAL LEGAL-LIKE!
DON'T FORGET THE BADGE, PHINEAS!

SHORTLY..
BY UNANIMOUS VOTE WE HEREBY ELECT REX ALLEN AS SHERIFF OF THIS TOWN!
THREE CHEERS FOR SHERIFF ALLEN!
BLAM BLAM

IT'S MIKE LARSON!
BLAM
BAM
BLAM

SO YOU'VE GOT YOURSELF A NEW LAWMAN EH?
THAT'S RIGHT. AND IF YOU AND YOUR MEN ARE SMART, YOU'LL ABIDE BY THE LAW AROUND HERE FROM NOW ON!
LISTEN TO HIM TALK! HAW!


HE WON'T BE DOING MUCH TALKING AFTER TOMORROW!
WHY WAIT TILL THEN TO GET RID OF HIM? LET'S RIDE HIM OUT OF TOWN RIGHT NOW!

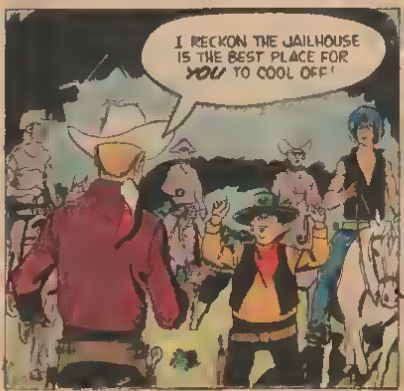
I WOULDN'T TRY IT, BOYS!

YOUR TIN BADGE DOESN'T SCARE ME, COWBOY!
CRACK!

SUDDENLY, REX YANKS ON THE WHIP, PULLING LES FROM THE SADDLE
IF IT'S TROUBLE YOU WANT, I'LL BE GLAD TO OBLIGE!
HEY!

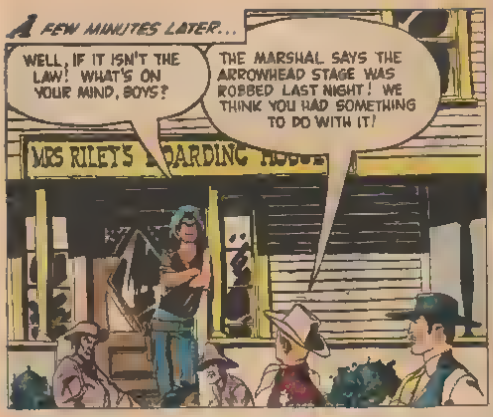
SHERIFF ALLEN! HE'S GOT A KNIFE!

YOU DON KNOW WHE TO QUIT DO YO
WOW LOOK AT THAT!
CRA


I RECKON THE JAILHOUSE IS THE BEST PLACE FOR YOU TO COOL OFF!

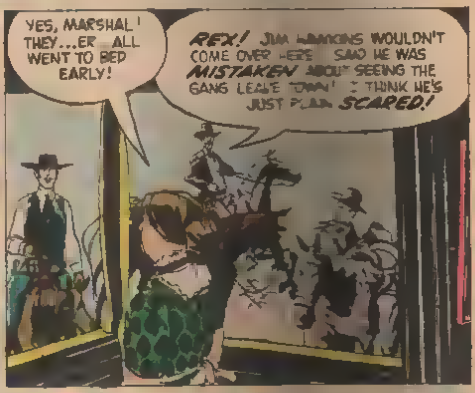
THE REST OF YOU CLEAR OUT OF HERE PRONTO!

THE FOLLOWING MORNING.
THE TOWN SURE SEEMED QUIET LAST NIGHT, PHINEAS! LOOKS LIKE LARSON AND HIS BOYS DECIDED TO CALM DOWN AFTER ALL!
CALM DOWN NOTHING! THEY WEREN'T EVEN HERE!.
SHERIFF
JIM HAWKINS SAID HE SAW THEM RIDE OUT OF TOWN RIGHT AFTER SUPPER! DOESN'T KNOW WHAT TIME THEY GOT BACK!
HOWDY. .I'M MARSHAL STEVENS! YOU THE NEW SHERIFF?
THAT'S RIGHT! REX ALLEN'S THE NAME!
SOMETHING MUST BE WRONG, MARSHAL, TO BRING YOU ALL THE WAY OUT HERE!
SOMETHING IS WRONG! AN OUTLAW GANG HELD UP THE ARROWHEAD STAGE IN SAN BERNARDINO LAST NIGHT!
ONE OF THE PASSENGERS THOUGHT HE RECOGNIZED MIKE LARSON!
HE WOULDN'T SWEAR TO IT, SO I HAVEN'T MUCH TO GO ON!
JIM HAWKINS SAID LARSON AND HIS BOYS LEFT TOWN LAST NIGHT! THEY COULD HAVE HELD UP THAT STAGE AND MADE IT BACK HERE VERY EASILY!
LARSON STAYS AT RILEY'S BOARDING HOUSE! LET'S HAVE A TALK WITH HIM!
PHINEAS, HOW ABOUT ROUNDING UP JIM HAWKINS AND MEETING US THERE?
SURE, SHERIFF!


A FEW MINUTES LATER...
WELL, IF IT ISN'T THE LAW! WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND, BOYS?
THE MARSHAL SAYS THE ARROWHEAD STAGE WAS ROBBED LAST NIGHT! WE THINK YOU HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH IT!
MRS RILEY'S BOARDING HOUSE

YOU'RE CRAZY! YOU'VE GOT NOTHIN' ON US! WE WERE HERE LAST NIGHT AND I CAN PROVE IT!
MRS. RILEY. . COME ON OUT HERE!

SHE'S OUR LANDLADY... SHE'LL TELL YOU!
WHAT ABOUT IT, MRS. RILEY? WERE THESE BOYS AROUND HERE LAST NIGHT?

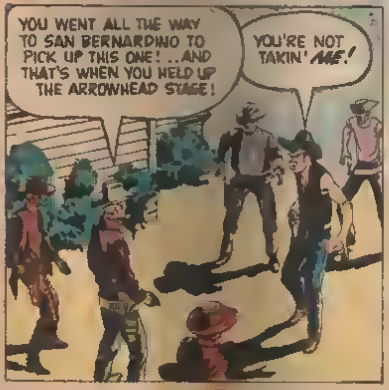

YES, MARSHAL! THEY...ER ALL WENT TO BED EARLY!
REX! JIM HAWKINS WOULDN'T COME OVER HERE SAID HE WAS MISTAKEN ABOUT SEEING THE GANG LEAVE TOWN! I THINK HE'S JUST PLAIN SCARED!

I RECKON OUR HANDS ARE TIED, THEN!
ARE YOU SATISFIED NOW?

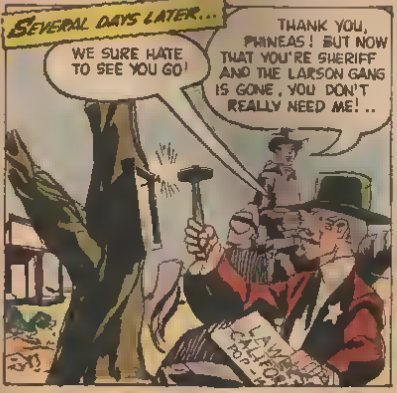
NOT QUITE! — IS THIS YOUR HORSE?
SO WHAT IF IT IS? WHAT'S THAT THING YOU'VE GOT?

IT LOOKS LIKE A LEAF TO ME!
YOU'RE RIGHT, PHINEAS! IT'S A LEAF FROM THE CALIFORNIA LIVE OAK... THE SAME KIND OF TREE YOU SAID LARSON CUT DOWN A FEW WEEKS AGO!

SO WHAT? WHAT DOES THAT PROVE?
PLENTY, LARSON! WHEN YOU LIVE HERE IN THE DESERT YOU SOMETIMES HAVE TO GO A LONG WAY TO FIND TREES ...AND LEAVES!


YOU WENT ALL THE WAY TO SAN BERNARDINO TO PICK UP THIS ONE! ..AND THAT'S WHEN YOU HELD UP THE ARROWHEAD STAGE!
YOU'RE NOT TAKIN' ME!

YOU'RE WRONG ABOUT THAT, LARSON! YOU AND YOUR BOYS HAVE TERRORIZED THIS TOWN LONG ENOUGH!
BLAM


SEVERAL DAYS LATER...
WE SURE HATE TO SEE YOU GO!
THANK YOU, PHINEAS! BUT NOW THAT YOU'RE SHERIFF AND THE LARSON GANG IS GONE, YOU DON'T REALLY NEED ME! ..

FROM HERE ON IN IT LOOKS LIKE THINGS ARE GOING TO BE PEACEFUL AROUND HERE IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE!
WELCOME TO PEACEFUL, CALIFORNIA

SONORA GOLD

It was August 1910, and Northern Mexico was in revolution. Bandits, Rural Police, and soldiers were hunting each other in the deserts and canyons, and the hungry farmers and Indians were at the mercy of all.

The man in the greatest danger was the gringo, Don Eaton, who had found gold in the Sierra and had been mining it for two years, with [illegible] permission. Now, he was anybody's victim, for gold was needed to buy cartridges. And each group was trying to hunt him down before he could escape.

He guided his stumbling horse across the border from [illegible] Mexico, into Arizona, U.S.A. The lights of Nogales gleamed dimly in the [illegible]e. The two weeks of desperate flight were over. Now, safe at last across the border, Eaton could ease his mind of the dangers he had escaped, but his [illegible] turned back to the two profitable years, and the bitter disappointment of [illegible]ing his mine.

Two years earlier, he had discovered the gold, but needed help to work the mine. The Mexicans resented gringos who came seeking their gold, and he did not know whom to trust.

Then one day, he stumbled onto a miserable encampment [illegible] Yaqui Indians: seven ragged men, nine hungry women and a cluster of half-sick children. Eaton was not surprised when the man instantly prepared to fight him with four bows, a handful of arrows and a crude shotgun made from a p[illegible] pipe – the only weapons they had.

He knew the tragedy of the Yaquis, and why these men were ready to go against his 44/40 Winchester. Yaquis had no friends. A [illegible] proud race, they had once been the terror of the Southwest, but unceasing war, fire and famine had reduced their number, and civilisation had driven them to the mountains.

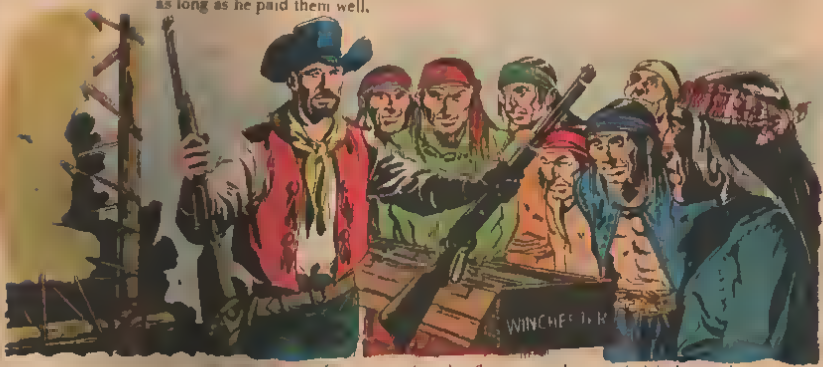
Eaton spoke quickly, they lowered their weapons and listened. In great need, they finally agreed to work for him, and they mo[illegible] their sorry camp to the site of the mine.

Touched by their condition, Eaton made a trip to Nogales for canned milk, food and medical supplies. He insisted that sanitation be practiced. He battled distrust and stubbornness, and gradually within a year a time saw the look of famine and disease disappear, and the light return to the children's eyes, even a shy smile from a dark-skinned mother.

In return, the seven Yaqui men who had never learned to lie or to steal, worked long hours with pick and shovel. The hidden hoard of gold began to grow but the Yaqui braves showed no friendliness. They gave Eaton the strength of their muscles, but never a sign of gratitude or loyalty.

Late in the second year of mining, Eaton loaded his pack mule with fifteen thousand dollars worth of gold dust and started for Nogales to bank his wealth. Thirty miles from the mine, he was ambushed by a band of riders. No coward, he started to pull his rifle, but stopped, realizing he was at the mercy of heartless bandidos. Laughing, they told him that they had waited patiently for this opportunity. They took his gold, but allowed him to keep his horse and mule.

He rode on to Nogales, where, on credit, he bought seven Winchester rifles, a case of cartridges, and fourteen cartridge bandoleers. He would arm his Indians, despite their lack of friendship, and gamble that they would continue to serve him as long as he paid them well.



[illegible] return, Eaton saw for the first time gleams of delight in the eyes of [illegible] Yaquis. As he unpacked the Winchesters and distributed them, there were [illegible] of appreciation. To each man he gave two bandoleers of blunt nosed [illegible]ges.

[illegible] morning he tried out their markmanship. They loved the noise, but hit no [illegible]. But with practice and a daily prize of a can of peaches to the best shot, Eaton [illegible] on had a combat rifle team of natural born guerrillas which could hand out real trouble.

The [illegible]kets of placer gold suddenly became richer and once more the sacks held a small fortune enough to buy the ranch Don Eaton wanted in Arizona. Reluctantly [illegible] decided to leave while he could. Calling his Yaquis together, he began to bargain for their services as escort to Nogales. Then suddenly, Tuerto, the Yaqui headman, grunting a warning, leveled a shell into his rifle and slid into the brush. Swiftly the other six faded into the bushes, as a large band of armed horsemen rode up the trail. Their leader dismounted and swaggered up to Eaton.

"Dog of a gringo," he said. "Americano, one warning, only! Get out of Mexico! The revolution is sweeping tyranny from Sonora. No longer will you foreigners steal our wealth. I'm here under the orders of our leader to confiscate your gold for the revolution!"

Tuerto, the Yaqui, spoke from the brush. "You! Mestizo captain of bandits! I have a warning for *YOU!* Listen!" His voice broke into the screaming squall of the Yaqui war cry. From the brush six other wild voices joined.

The captain threw one frightened look around the canyon, mounted, and rode down the trail, his troops following.

Eaton knew that the Yaquis had not intervened for him, but to protect their families. He had gambled too long. Time had run out. Eaton knew that he would need all his luck to reach Nogales alive, and that a pack mule laden with gold would only hold him back. At dusk he filled two canteens, dropped a poke of gold into each saddle bag, and filled the bags with jerky. As he mounted to

leave, one squaw shyly shook his hand, and the small children waved goodbye, but the seven warriors watched stolidly — no expression on their faces.

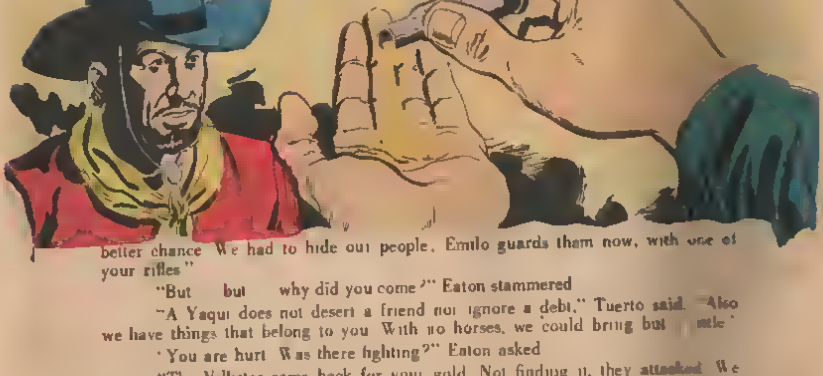
As he walked down the trail leading his horse, Eaton thought bitterly, 'There's gratitude! I've fed them, doctored their kids and given them a better life than they ever knew. They have my gold, my rifles, and my tools — and they wouldn't even wish me luck.'

At last, he reached Nogales, with a tired horse, two small sacks of gold, and his life. He had been lucky at that.

One morning, as he was rubbing down his horse in the livery corral, he heard the hostler calling, "Señor Eaton! You have visitors!"

Through the door marched six thin, exhausted scarecrows, each armed with a Winchester and two bandoleers of cartridges. Astounded, Eaton recognized Tuerto, whose head was swathed in a bandage, and five of his Yaqui riflemen. Unsmiling, they faced him.

Tuerto spoke. "When you left, we could not go with you. Alone you had a



better chance. We had to hide our people. Emilo guards them now, with one of your rifles."

"But — but — why did you come?" Eaton stammered.

"A Yaqui does not desert a friend nor ignore a debt," Tuerto said. "Also we have things that belong to you. With no horses, we could bring but [illegible] little."

"You are hurt. Was there fighting?" Eaton asked.

"The Villistas came back for your gold. Not finding it, they attacked. We fought them for two days, doing great damage with the rifles. We escaped at night. Then, by the San Miguel River, we were overtaken by Rurales, who searching around found nothing and let us go. They would have taken the rifles, but I lay behind a rock with my rifle aimed at the sergeant, so they rode on."

"And the gold," Eaton asked, "what became of it?"

"We brought all we could carry — and the rest we hid. Is it not what the Señor values most?" Tuerto said.

"Brought it?" Eaton asked, his faced wreathed in wonder.

"Assuredly, Señor! Do you not see that I have fired most of the [illegible] from one bandoleer, but the other is still full? Hold out your hand!"

He pulled a cartridge from the full bandoleer, extracted the bullet, and poured a small pile of gold dust into Eaton's hand.

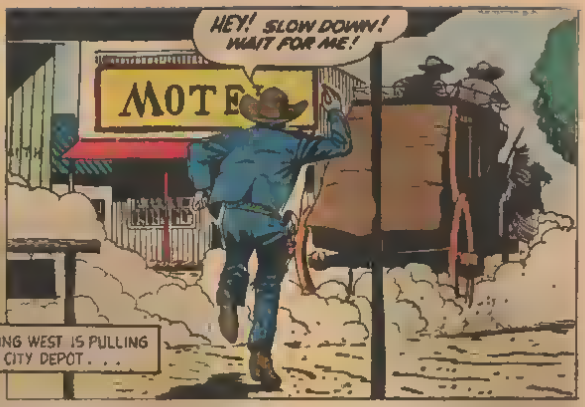
Tuerto laid the bandoleers and his rifle at Eaton's feet. His six companions moved to do the same. Tuerto explained: "The Señor will understand that [illegible] not bring all of his goods, but here are his rifles."

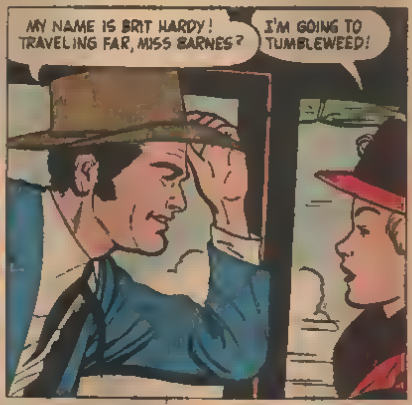
Eaton's outthrust palm stopped them. "No, brothers," he said, "the rifles are yours!" He turned and called to the hostler, "Mozo! Find the seven best horses in Arizona for my friends! I don't care how much it costs! When you have found them, bring them to the best hotel in Nogales. We will be waiting for you there."

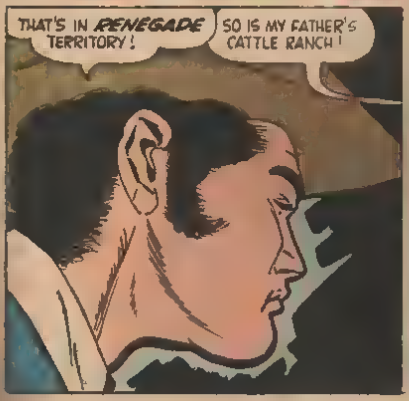
For the first time, Eaton saw broad smiles on the hawk faces of his Yaqui friends.

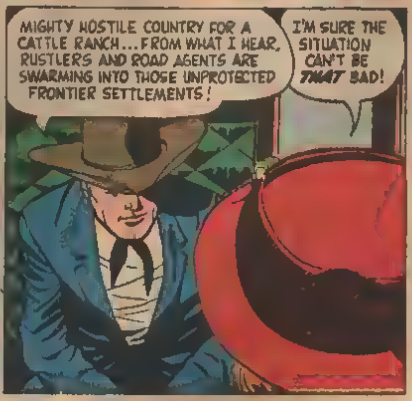
TALES of the OVERLAND STAGE

"TENSION IN TUMBLEWEED"

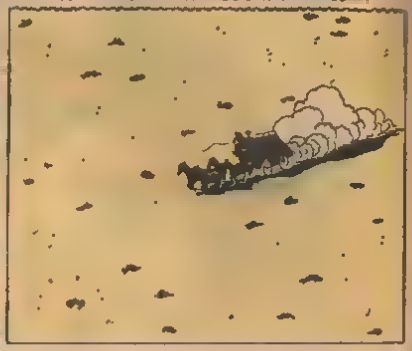






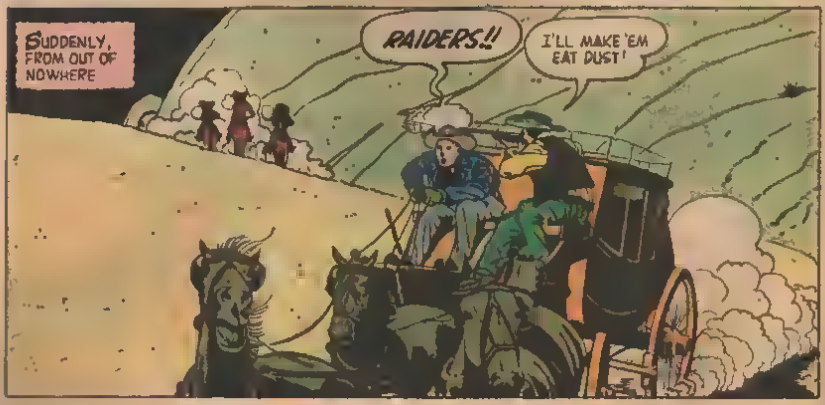


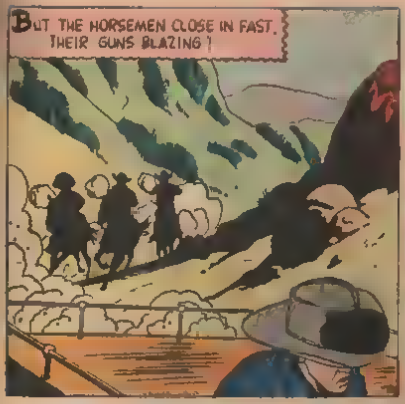
MAYBE NOT... BUT THIS STAGE ISN'T CARRYING AN ARMED SHOTGUN GUARD FOR NOTHING!


MILE AFTER DUSTY MILE THE OVERLAND COACH RACES ACROSS THE FLAT KANSAS PRAIRIES...

...AND THROUGH THE GROTESQUE HILLS AND MESAS OF NEW MEXICO, LYING PARCHED AND BARREN UNDER THE SOUTHWEST SUN...

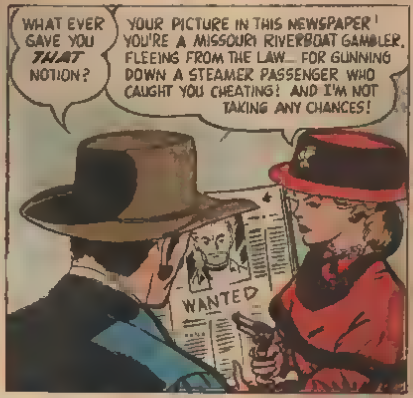
BETTER KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN! WE'RE GETTING INTO AMBUSH COUNTRY!
AND THIS STRONGBOX WE'RE TOTING WOULD MAKE A JUICY HAUL!


SUDDENLY, FROM OUT OF NOWHERE
RAIDERS!!
I'LL MAKE 'EM EAT DUST!


BUT THE HORSEMEN CLOSE IN FAST. THEIR GUNS BLAZING!

WE'RE UNDER ATTACK! KEEP YOUR HEAD DOWN, MISS BARNES! I'LL...

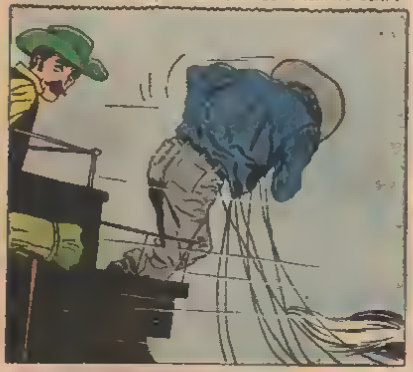
WHAT'S THE IDEA OF TAKING MY GUN?
AS IF YOU DIDN'T KNOW! YOU'RE PROBABLY TIED IN WITH THOSE OUTLAWS!


WHAT EVER GAVE YOU THAT NOTION?
YOUR PICTURE IN THIS NEWSPAPER! YOU'RE A MISSOURI RIVERBOAT GAMBLER, FLEEING FROM THE LAW... FOR GUNNING DOWN A STEAMER PASSENGER WHO CAUGHT YOU CHEATING! AND I'M NOT TAKING ANY CHANCES!
WANTED

MEANWHILE, THE RAIDING PARTY OVER-TAKES THE FLEEING STAGE ..
YOU KNOW WHAT WE'RE AFTER! THROW DOWN THAT STRONG-BOX!
AND PRONTO!

HAVING NO CHOICE, THE STAGE REINS IN AND THE GUARD THROWS DOWN THE BOX

WITH A VOLLEY OF PARTING SHOTS, THE OUTLAWS SEND THE STAGE ON ITS WAY...


...AND THE DRIVER, WOUNDED, TOPPLES FROM HIS SEAT!

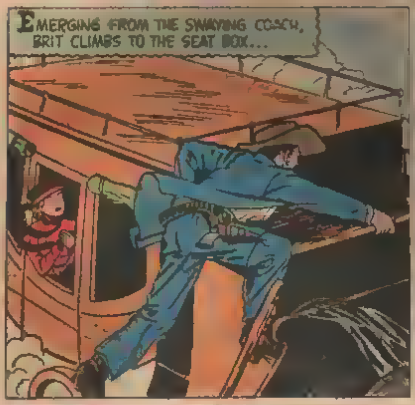
THE SHOTGUN GUARD MAKES A FUTILE GRAB TO SAVE HIM...

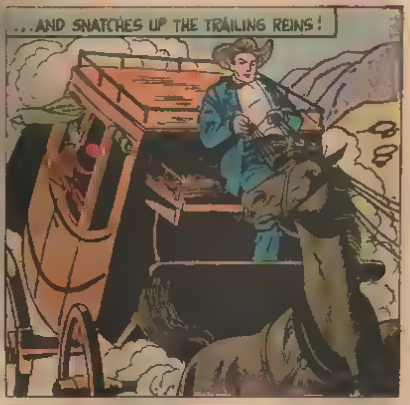
...AND LOSES HIS BALANCE!

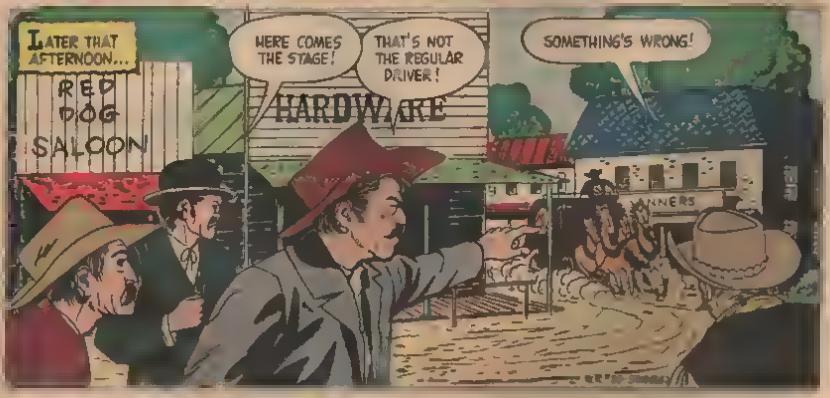
..WHILE THE RUNAWAY STAGE RACES ON, UNCHECKED!

TH-THERE'S NO DRIVER OR GUARD! THE COACH IS RUNNING WILD!
YES AND YOU'RE NOT HELPING MATTERS ANY BY POINTING THAT GUN AT ME!

I'LL TAKE CHARGE OF THIS! YOU SIT TIGHT AND WISH ME LUCK!
WH WHERE ARE YOU GOING? YOU CAN'T LEAVE ME HERE ALONE!


EMERGING FROM THE SWAYING COACH, BRIT CLIMBS TO THE SEAT BOX...


...AND SNATCHES UP THE TRAILING REINS!


LATER THAT AFTERNOON...
RED DOG SALOON
HERE COMES THE STAGE!
THAT'S NOT THE REGULAR DRIVER!
HARDWARE
SOMETHING'S WRONG!

YOU'LL FIND THE STAGE DRIVER AND HIS GUARD SOMEWHERE BACK ON THE TRAIL! THREE GUN HAWKS SWOOPED DOWN ON US AND MADE OFF WITH THE STRONGBOX!
ANOTHER HOLDUP! COULD YOU IDENTIFY THE BUSHWHACKERS?
I'M SURE HE COULD, DAD!
FOODS

IN FACT, THIS MISTER HARDY MAY BE ONE OF THEM! ACCORDING TO THIS NEWSPAPER, HE'S A WANTED FUGITIVE! ARREST HIM, SOMEBODY!
WANTED

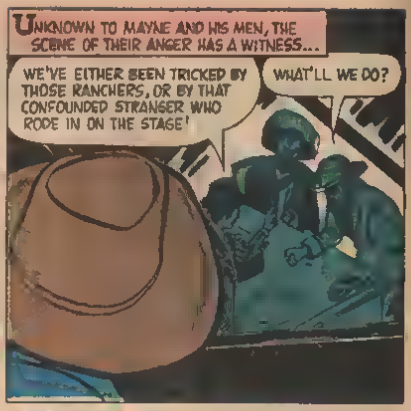
UNFORTUNATELY, OUR TOWN MARSHAL WAS MYSTERIOUSLY SHOT A MONTH AGO AND NO ONE IS WILLING TO TAKE HIS PLACE! NOBODY ELSE HAS ANY AUTHORITY TO MAKE ARRESTS!
TRIS MAYNE IS RIGHT, VICKY! TUMBLEWEED IS BECOMING A RENEGADE OUTPOST!

THAT STOLEN STRONGBOX CONTAINED CATTLE SALE PROFITS BELONGING TO EVERY RANCHER IN THIS AREA! SOMEBODY'S BEEN TRYIN' TO BANKRUPT US! THIS TIME I'M AFRAID THEY'VE SUCCEEDED!
ISN'T THERE ANYTHING WE CAN DO, DAD?

ALL WE CAN DO IS GO BACK TO THE RANCH AND WAIT FOR THE BANK TO FORECLOSE!

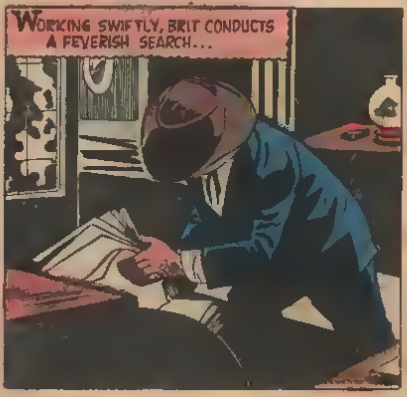
AS VICKY AND HER FATHER DRIVE SLOWLY AWAY, TRIS MAYNE HURRIES BRISKLY ALONG THE STREET
SMITH
A PAIR OF EYES NARROWLY WATCH HIM AS HE ENTERS THE LAND OFFICE...
TRIS MAYNE
LAND OFFICE
HOWDY, BOSS! WE SLIPPED INTO TOWN BY THE USUAL BACK WAY!
LOOK WHAT WE BROUGHT WITH US!
YOU'VE DONE A SLICK JOB, BOYS! CONGRATULATIONS!
JUDGING FROM THE MOOD BARNES IS IN, WE'LL SOON BE BUYING UP EVERY POVERTY-STRICKEN RANCH IN TUMBLEWEED VALLEY AT OUR OWN PRICE!
AND WITH THE RANCHERS' OWN MONEY!
SMASH OPEN THE LOCK AND LET'S TAKE A LOOK AT OUR "EARNINGS"!

ROCKS!
AND SAND!


UNKNOWN TO MAYNE AND HIS MEN, THE SCENE OF THEIR ANGER HAS A WITNESS...
WE'VE EITHER BEEN TRICKED BY THOSE RANCHERS, OR BY THAT CONFOUNDED STRANGER WHO RODE IN ON THE STAGE!
WHAT'LL WE DO?

SEARCH EVERY SQUARE FOOT OF TUMBLEWEED UNTIL WE FIND THAT STRANGER! I'M HEADING FOR THE BARNES SPREAD! IT'S TIME TO PLAY OUT THE REST OF OUR HAND!

ALL CLEAR! NOW TO GET BUSY!

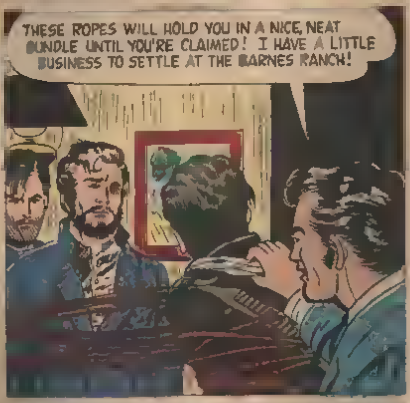

WORKING SWIFTLY, BRIT CONDUCTS A FEVERISH SEARCH...

FINALLY.
I THOUGHT SO! THIS IS THE TRUMP CARD I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR!

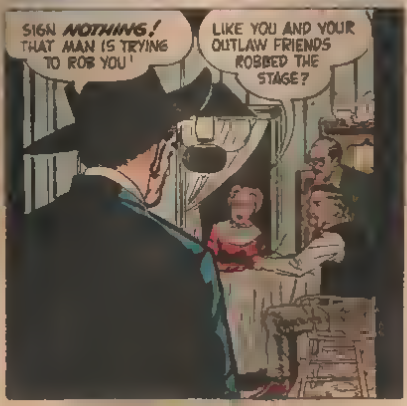
BUT, UNEXPECTEDLY, THE MEN RETURN.
THAT'S THE BUZZARD!
GRAB HIM!!

AREN'T YOU BOYS TAKING ON A BIT MORE...

...THAN YOU CAN HANDLE ?


THESE ROPES WILL HOLD YOU IN A NICE, NEAT BUNDLE UNTIL YOU'RE CLAIMED! I HAVE A LITTLE BUSINESS TO SETTLE AT THE BARNES RANCH!

DARKNESS HAS FALLEN BY THE TIME DRIT REACHES HIS DESTINATION ON A BORROWED HORSE...
IT'S NOWHERE NEAR WHAT THE RANCH IS WORTH, TRIS, BUT VICKY AND I HAVE NO CHOICE! WE'LL ACCEPT YOUR OFFER!
I'LL PROBABLY HAVE THE CASH FOR YOU BY MORNING! JUST SIGN THE DEED HERE!

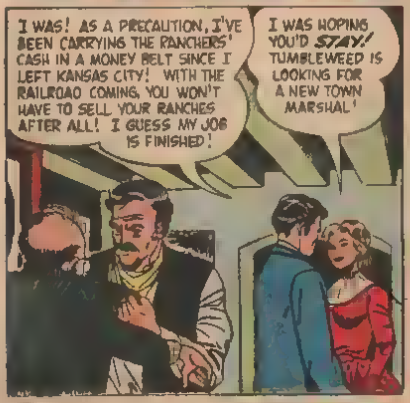

SIGN NOTHING! THAT MAN IS TRYING TO ROB YOU!
LIKE YOU AND YOUR OUTLAW FRIENDS ROBBED THE STAGE?

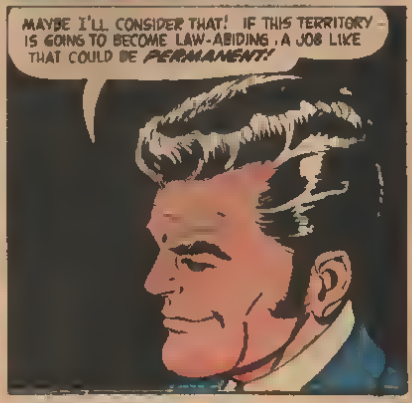
YOU'LL FIND THOSE "FRIENDS" HOG-TIED IN THIS MAYNE'S OFFICE! THAT'S WHERE I FOUND THIS RAILROAD MAP, DETAILING THE NEW LINE'S ROUTE SQUARELY THROUGH TUMBLEWEED!
MAYNE NEVER TOLD ANYONE ABOUT SUCH A PROJECT!

AS LAND AGENT HE RECEIVED ADVANCE INFORMATION! BUT HE KEPT IT TO HIMSELF, HOPING TO STARVE OUT YOU CATTLEMEN, THEN BUY OUT YOUR RANCHES ON HIS OWN TERMS!
HOW DID YOU KNOW MAYNE WAS BEHIND ALL THIS?

I DIDN'T... UNTIL I SAW HIM HURRY TO HIS OFFICE RIGHT AFTER THE STAGE ARRIVED... JUST AS THOUGH HE WAS EXPECTING TO HAVE A STRONGBOX WAITING FOR HIM!
YOU CERTAINLY DON'T SOUND LIKE THE FUGITIVE THAT NEWSPAPER DESCRIBED!

I'M NOT--I'M A BANK INVESTIGATOR! BUT IN A TOWN LIKE TUMBLEWEED, I FIGURED I'D FIND OUT MORE ABOUT THOSE STAGE HOLDUPS IF NO ONE KNEW WHO I REALLY WAS!
I GUESS I ALMOST SPOILED EVERYTHING.. I WAS SURE YOU WERE MIXED UP IN THAT STRONG-BOX THEFT!


I WAS! AS A PRECAUTION, I'VE BEEN CARRYING THE RANCHERS' CASH IN A MONEY BELT SINCE I LEFT KANSAS CITY! WITH THE RAILROAD COMING, YOU WON'T HAVE TO SELL YOUR RANCHES AFTER ALL! I GUESS MY JOB IS FINISHED!
I WAS HOPING YOU'D STAY! TUMBLEWEED IS LOOKING FOR A NEW TOWN MARSHAL!


MAYBE I'LL CONSIDER THAT! IF THIS TERRITORY IS GOING TO BECOME LAW-ABIDING, A JOB LIKE THAT COULD BE PERMANENT!

the FRONTIERSMEN

BILL WILLIAMS

THE MEMBERS OF MARKHEAD'S PARTY OF TRAPPERS ARE MIGHTY PLEASED WHEN AN OLD MOUNTAIN MAN BILL WILLIAMS JOINS THEIR CAMP AT THE HEADWATERS OF THE YELLOWSTONE RIVER. NO ONE KNOWS BETTER THAN BILL HOW TO SURVIVE IN INJUN COUNTRY -- AND NOT EVEN INDIANS KNOW THE HAUNTS OF BEAVER SO WELL.

OLD BILL LEADS THE TRAPPERS INTO PLACES OTHER WHITE MEN HAVE NEVER SEEN BEFORE

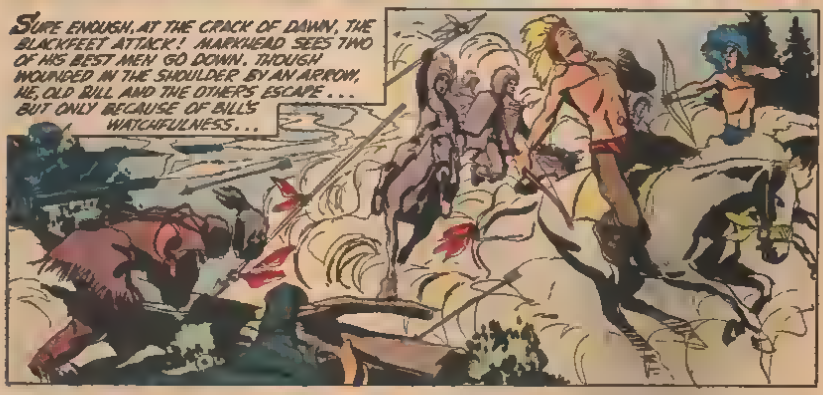
"I'LL TAKE YOU WHERE THERE'S PLENTY BEAVER," BILL PROMISES. "BUT KEEP AN EYE PEELED FOR INJUN SIGN. INJUN AND BEAVER ALWAYS GO TOGETHER!"

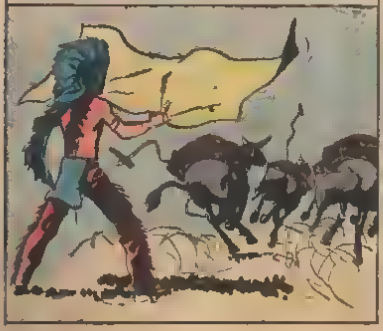
"WHEN YOU GET YOUR TRAPS SET, BETTER POST SENTRIES OUT TO WATCH FOR INJUNS! .."

BUT THE TRAPPERS PAY LITTLE HEED TO BILL'S WARNING. TRYING TO CONVINCE THEM, BILL TURNS UP CERTAIN EVIDENCE OF INDIANS CLOSE BY...

"HERE'S PROOF, MARKHEAD!" SAYS BILL "INJUN SIGN, AND BLACKFEET SIGN AT THAT!" THE TRAPPERS LISTEN MORE CLOSELY, FOR BLACKFEET ARE THE MOST DREADED OF THE NEARBY TRIBES...

BUT STILL MARKHEAD POSTS NO SENTRIES, AND ONLY OLD BILL STAYS AWAKE TO WATCH AND LISTEN...


SURE ENOUGH, AT THE CRACK OF DAWN, THE BLACKFEET ATTACK! MARKHEAD SEES TWO OF HIS BEST MEN GO DOWN. THOUGH WOUNDED IN THE SHOULDER BY AN ARROW, HE, OLD BILL AND THE OTHERS ESCAPE... BUT ONLY BECAUSE OF BILL'S WATCHFULNESS...


THE BLACKFEET STILL MANAGE TO RUN OFF ALL THE PARTY'S HORSES AND MULES, LOADED WITH PRIME BEAVER PLEWS...

WHILE A FEW OF THE WARRIORS SEIZE THE PLUNDER, OTHERS RIDE AFTER THE FLEEING TRAPPERS. 'EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF!" OLD BILL WARNS HIS COMPANIONS ..

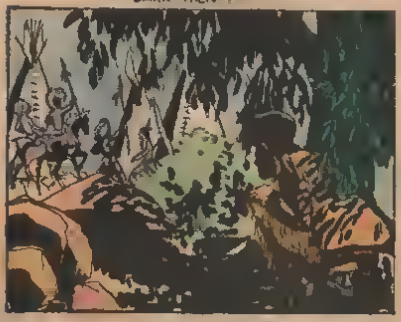
BILL GETS MARKHEAD HIDDEN AND STAYS WITH HIM LONG ENOUGH TO TAKE CARE OF THE YOUNG MAN'S WOUNDED SHOULDER...

LEAVING MARKHEAD A RIFLE AND DIRECTIONS TO FORT KIOWA, OLD BILL STRIKES OUT ALONE WITH A PLAN TO RECOVER HIS STOLEN PROPERTY FROM THE BLACKFEET...

BILL'S PLAN ALMOST GOES ASTRAY WHEN HE HAS A HAIRBREADTH ESCAPE FROM A BLACKFEET WAR PARTY. COVERED WITH BRUSH, THE OLD MOUNTAIN MAN LIES UNNOTICED BY THE SHARP-EYED INDIANS..

"NOW IT'S MY TURN TO TRACK *THEM*," CHUCKLES BILL. "BET I'LL TRAIL EM RIGHT TO THEIR WAR CAMP!"

SURE ENOUGH, BILL FINDS THE WAR CAMP. "RECKON THAT'S WHERE MY HORSE AND MULE AND HIDES BE," BILL MUSES. "I'LL JUST WAIT TILL DARK THEN!"



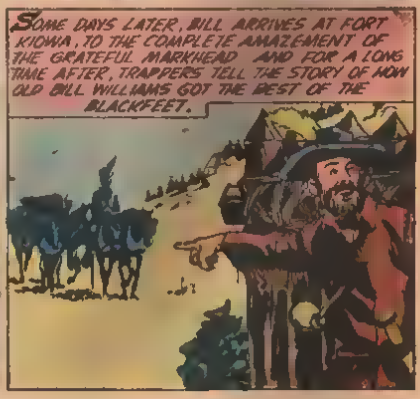
"WHILE THOSE REDSKINS ARE CELEBRATIN' OVER WHAT THEY STOLE FROM US, I'LL JEST BORROW THIS BUFFALO ROBE AN' SNEAK IN TO JOIN 'EM! ELSEWISE, I'LL NEVER GET TO THOSE HORSES WITHOUT BEIN' SEEN!"

"RECKON I'M NOT THE BEST LOOKIN' BUCK AT THIS SHINDIG,' BILL CHUCKLES "AND IF THIS DISGUISE DOESN'T WORK I SURE WON'T BE THE MOST POPULAR!" SHOULDER TO SHOULDER, HE STANDS WITH THE FIERCE WARRIORS WHO WOULD KILL HIM INSTANTLY IF THEY KNEW HE WAS A WHITE TRAPPER!

SEEING HIS CHANCE, BILL SLIPS AWAY FROM THE DANCE AND TAKES THE BLACKFEET HORSE GUARD BY SURPRISE!

"PLAN'S WORKIN' SO FAR," MUTTERS BILL. "NOW TO CUT OUR HORSES AND PACK MULES LOOSE! LOOKS LIKE MY OLD HORSE RIGHT HERE!"

SOON, BILL LEAVES THE WAR CAMP FAR BEHIND, THE DANCING INDIANS UNAWARE THAT THEY HAVE BEEN DUPED!


SOME DAYS LATER, BILL ARRIVES AT FORT KIOWA, TO THE COMPLETE AMAZEMENT OF THE GRATEFUL MARKHEAD AND FOR A LONG TIME AFTER, TRAPPERS TELL THE STORY OF HOW OLD BILL WILLIAMS GOT THE BEST OF THE BLACKFEET.

TRACKING

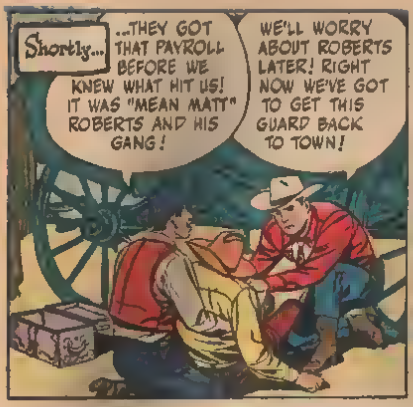
The trackers of the old West had unbelievable skill. Not only did they usually get their man, but by the time they got him, they knew a lot about the kind of man he was.

A good tracker could tell if the man he followed was an Indian, but he did not determine this by moccasin tracks alone. In those days, many white men also wore moccasins, so the tracker checked both moccasin and pony tracks to see on which side the man had mounted his horse — an Indian mounts on the right, a white man on the left.

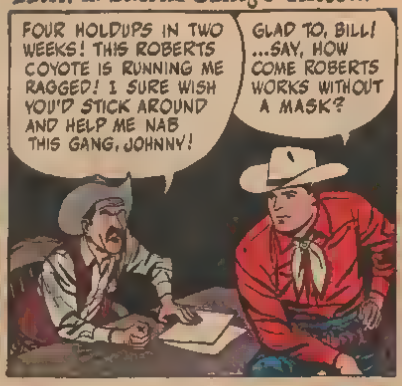
The tracker who was especially observant could even figure something out about the character of the man he was trailing. He knew that when a horse leaves tracks that are far apart, he is running. He also knew that when the front part of these tracks look ragged, the horse is tired and dragging his feet. These two things added up in the tracker's mind to a man who was cruelly forcing an exhausted horse to run — this was a man who would have to be approached with caution!

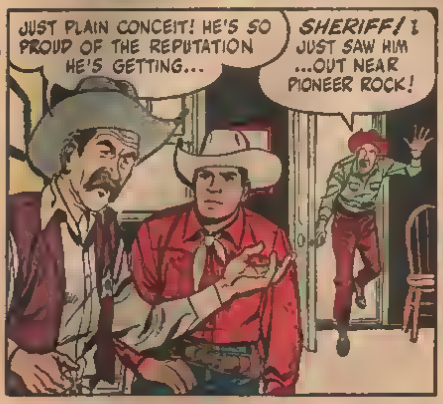
Tracking was called "riding sign" by the cowboys and they looked upon it as a great skill. To the careful tracker, there were very few secrets in the trail that lay before him.

WESTERN ROUNDUP
TRACKING
Johnny Mack Brown
THE PASTEL TRAIL
A few miles outside of the town of Gold Creek, Johnny and Rebel pause for a few minutes rest...
$1000 REWARD
FOR "MEAN MATT" ROBERTS WANTED FOR ROBBERY
WELL, IT LOOKS LIKE OUR OLD FRIEND, SHERIFF BAILEY, HAS A REAL OUTLAW IN HIS TERRITORY!
Suddenly...
BLAM! BLAM!
COME ON, REBEL! SOMEBODY'S GOT TROUBLE!
HIGHWAYMEN! LET'S GO!
FASTER, BOY! THEY'RE RUNNING FOR THOSE HILLS!
BLAM! BLAM!
Moments later...
THEY SPLIT UP AND HEADED INTO THOSE ROCKS! LET'S GO BACK TO THE STAGE, REBEL! WE CAN PICK UP THE TRAIL LATER!

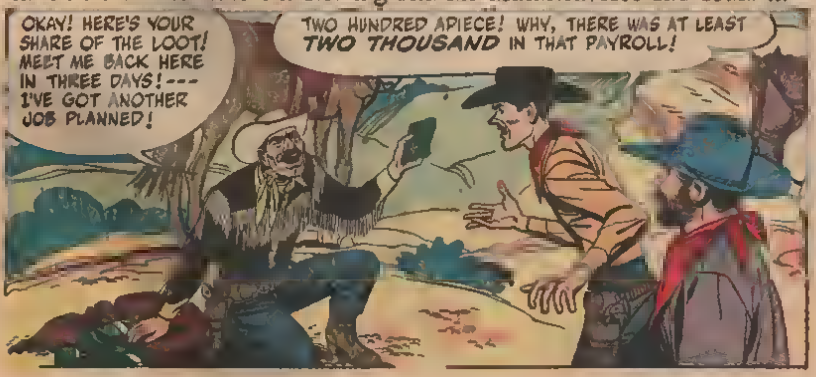


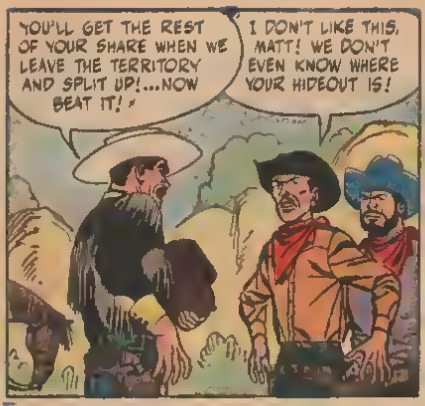
Later, in Sheriff Bailey's office...

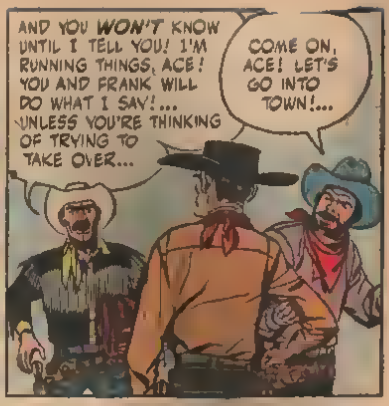


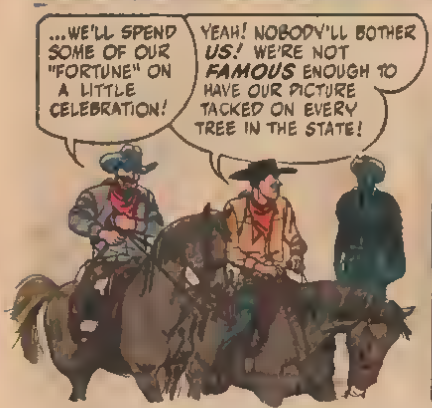


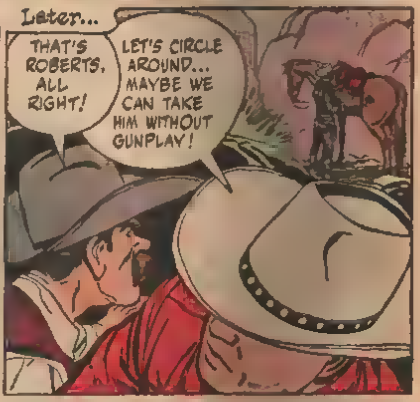
In the meantime, Roberts is meeting with his henchmen, Ace and Frank...





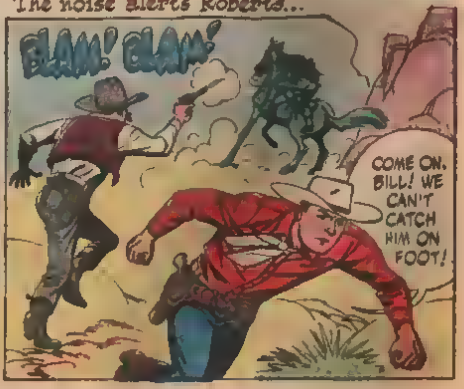


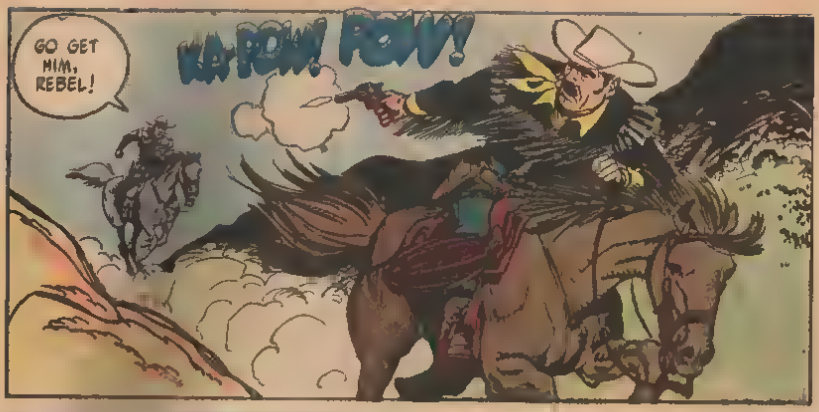




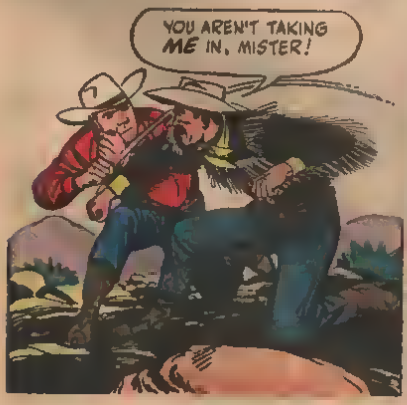
Suddenly, the Sheriff slips...

The noise alerts Roberts...



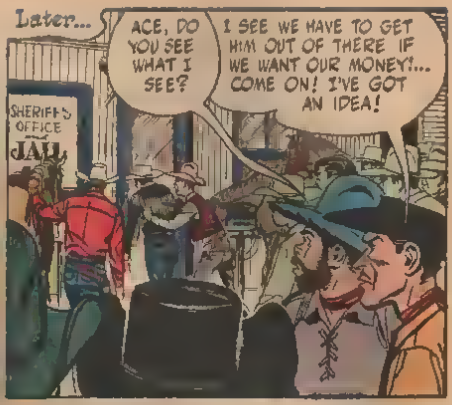

GO GET HIM, REBEL!
KA-POW! POW!

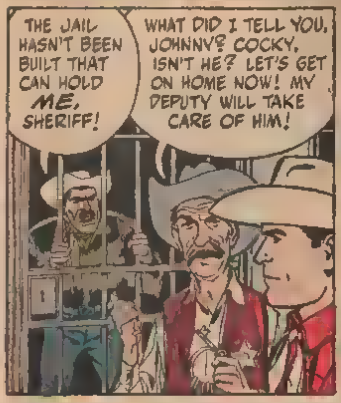
THAT BLASTED HORSE IS TOO FAST!

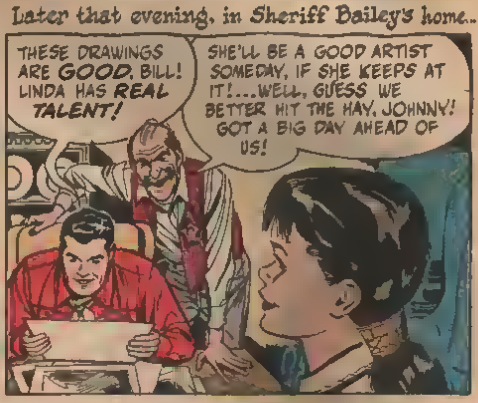

YOU AREN'T TAKING ME IN, MISTER!

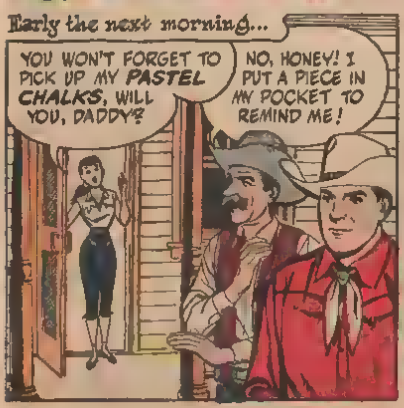
YOU SHOULD KNOW BETTER THAN TO LEAD WITH YOUR RIGHT!

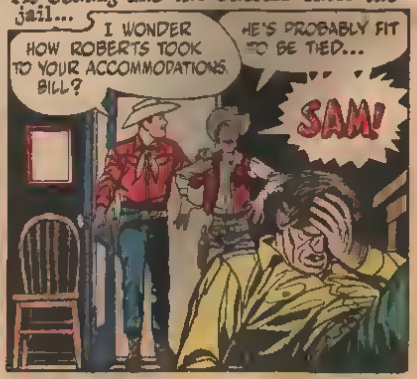
GOOD WORK, JOHNNY!
LET'S GET HIM INTO JAIL WHERE HE BELONGS!

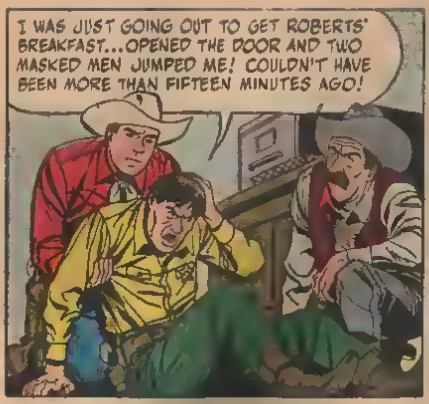

Later...
ACE, DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE?
I SEE WE HAVE TO GET HIM OUT OF THERE IF WE WANT OUR MONEY!... COME ON! I'VE GOT AN IDEA!
SHERIFF'S OFFICE
JAIL


THE JAIL HASN'T BEEN BUILT THAT CAN HOLD ME, SHERIFF!
WHAT DID I TELL YOU, JOHNNY? COCKY, ISN'T HE? LET'S GET ON HOME NOW! MY DEPUTY WILL TAKE CARE OF HIM!

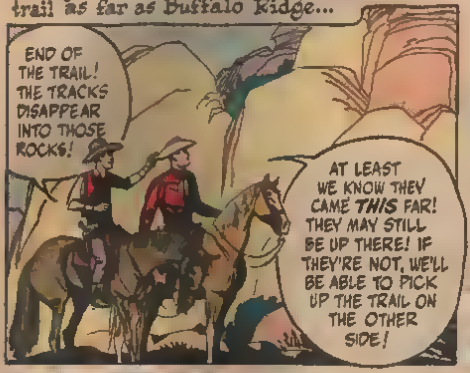

Later that evening, in Sheriff Bailey's home..
THESE DRAWINGS ARE GOOD, BILL! LINDA HAS REAL TALENT!
SHE'LL BE A GOOD ARTIST SOMEDAY, IF SHE KEEPS AT IT!...WELL, GUESS WE BETTER HIT THE HAY, JOHNNY! GOT A BIG DAY AHEAD OF US!

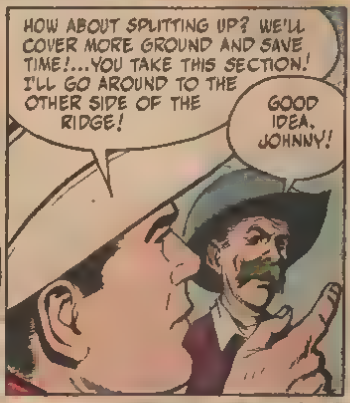

Early the next morning...
YOU WON'T FORGET TO PICK UP MY PASTEL CHALKS, WILL YOU, DADDY?
NO, HONEY! I PUT A PIECE IN MY POCKET TO REMIND ME!

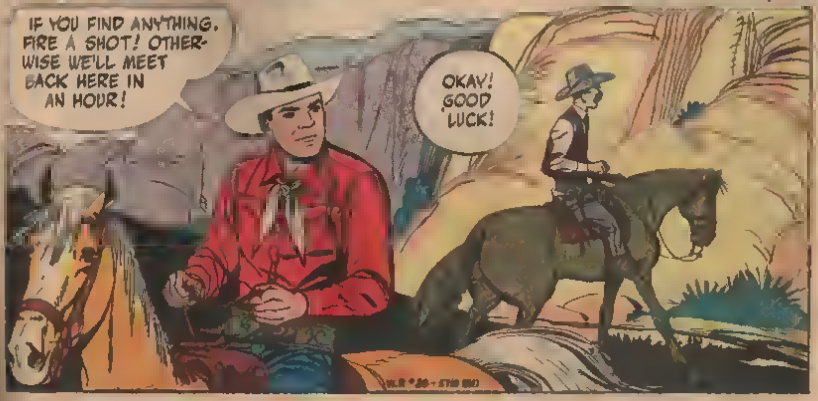

As Johnny and the Sheriff enter the jail...
I WONDER HOW ROBERTS TOOK TO YOUR ACCOMMODATIONS, BILL?
HE'S PROBABLY FIT TO BE TIED...
SAM!

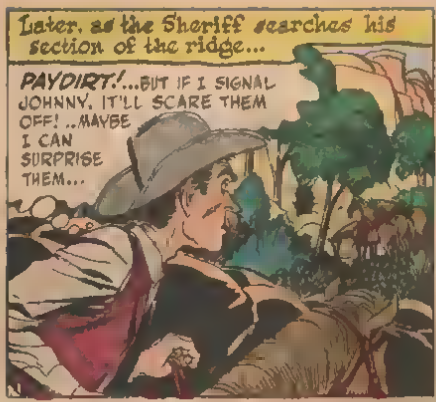


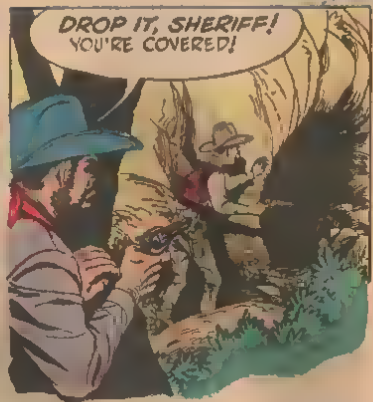
Johnny and the Sheriff follow the outlaws' trail as far as Buffalo Ridge...



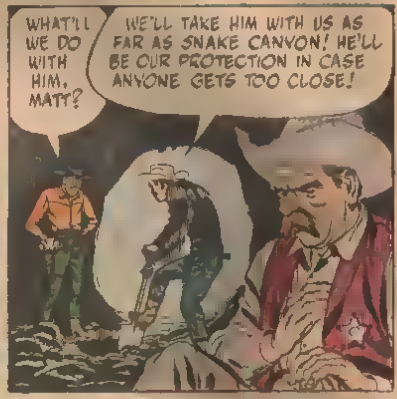


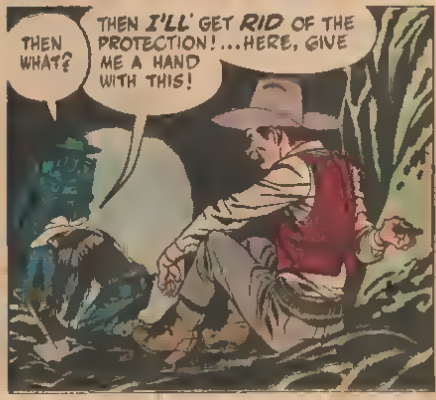


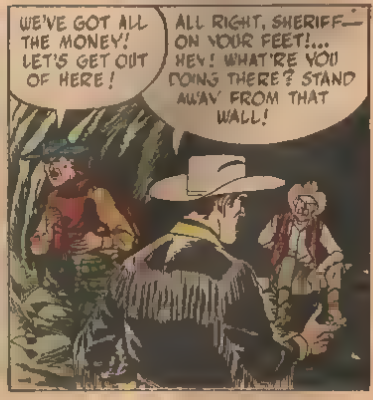

Later, as the Sheriff searches his section of the ridge...
PAYDIRT!...BUT IF I SIGNAL JOHNNY, IT'LL SCARE THEM OFF! ..MAYBE I CAN SURPRISE THEM...


DROP IT, SHERIFF! YOU'RE COVERED!

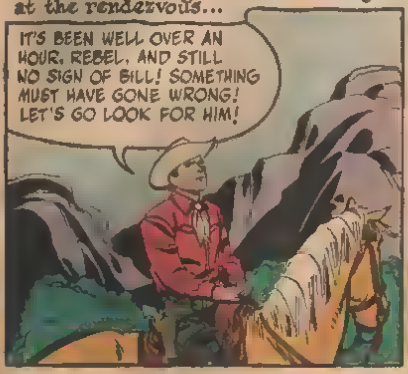
CAUGHT HIM PUSSYFOOTING AROUND OUTSIDE! ...HE'S ALONE!
I DOUBT IT! THAT HARD-KNUCKLED FRIEND OF HIS WILL BE AROUND SOMEPLACE! SIT HIM DOWN AGAINST THE WALL ...THEN GO OUT AND KEEP YOUR EYES PEELED!


WHAT'LL WE DO WITH HIM, MATT?
WE'LL TAKE HIM WITH US AS FAR AS SNAKE CANYON! HE'LL BE OUR PROTECTION IN CASE ANYONE GETS TOO CLOSE!

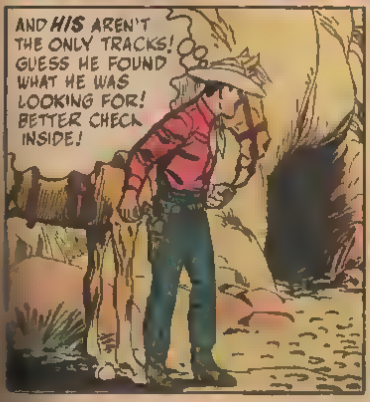

THEN WHAT?
THEN I'LL GET RID OF THE PROTECTION!...HERE, GIVE ME A HAND WITH THIS!

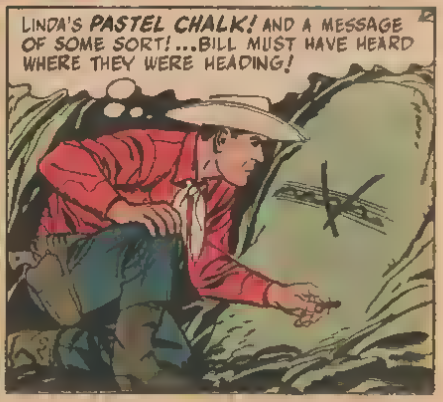

WE'VE GOT ALL THE MONEY! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!
ALL RIGHT, SHERIFF— ON YOUR FEET!... HEY! WHAT'RE YOU DOING THERE? STAND AWAY FROM THAT WALL!

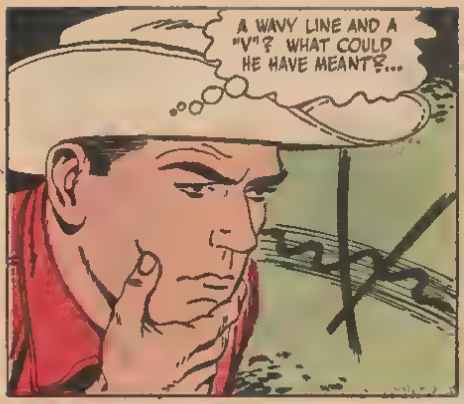
Meanwhile, Johnny waits anxiously at the rendezvous...



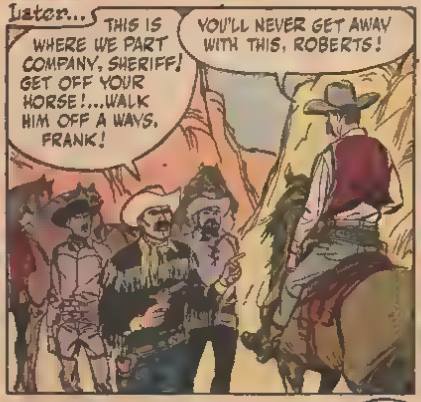
Soon, Johnny nears the outlaws' hideout...

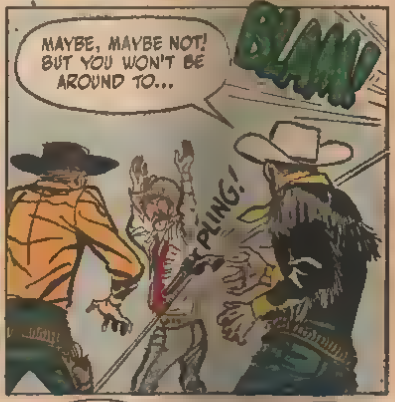





A WAVY LINE AND A "V"? WHAT COULD HE HAVE MEANT?...

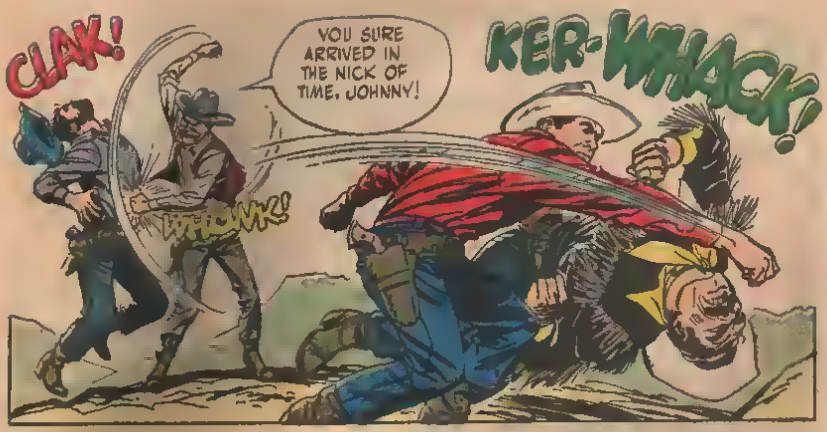
I'VE GOT IT! AND IT'S THE CLOSEST PLACE FOR THEM TO CROSS THE BORDER!...


Later...
THIS IS WHERE WE PART COMPANY, SHERIFF! GET OFF YOUR HORSE!...WALK HIM OFF A WAYS, FRANK!
YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY WITH THIS, ROBERTS!

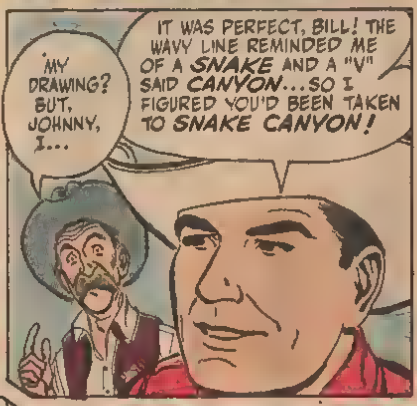

MAYBE, MAYBE NOT! BUT YOU WON'T BE AROUND TO...
BLAM!
PLING!

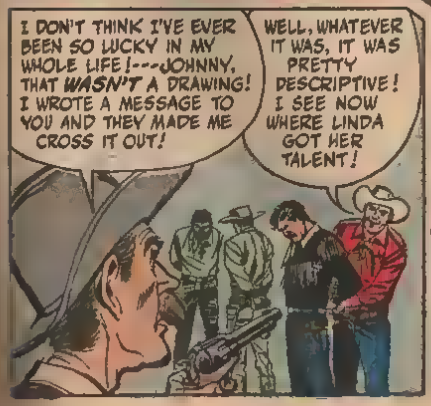
NOT SO FAST, YOU SIDEWINDERS!
OW!

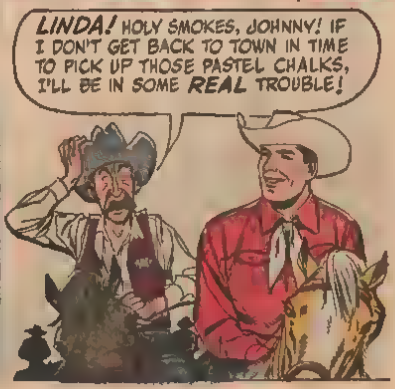
ATTABOY, JOHNNY! NOW?
NOW!


CLAK!
YOU SURE ARRIVED IN THE NICK OF TIME, JOHNNY!
KER-WHACK!
WHOWK!

I WAS IN A BIT OF TROUBLE!...HOW'D YOU EVER FIND US?
WHY, YOUR DRAWING ON THE CAVE WALL!


MY DRAWING? BUT, JOHNNY, I...
IT WAS PERFECT, BILL! THE WAVY LINE REMINDED ME OF A SNAKE AND A "V" SAID CANYON...SO I FIGURED YOU'D BEEN TAKEN TO SNAKE CANYON!


I DON'T THINK I'VE EVER BEEN SO LUCKY IN MY WHOLE LIFE!---JOHNNY, THAT WASN'T A DRAWING! I WROTE A MESSAGE TO YOU AND THEY MADE ME CROSS IT OUT!
WELL, WHATEVER IT WAS, IT WAS PRETTY DESCRIPTIVE! I SEE NOW WHERE LINDA GOT HER TALENT!


LINDA! HOLY SMOKES, JOHNNY! IF I DON'T GET BACK TO TOWN IN TIME TO PICK UP THOSE PASTEL CHALKS, I'LL BE IN SOME REAL TROUBLE!

The Telegraph

It was time for action! California was blooming out of the gold-rich dirt at Sutter's Mill. Oxcart, freighter, and just plain shoe leather brought hundreds daily to the promising new state. But for all its wealth, California was a lonely state, its means of communication with the East slow and undependable.

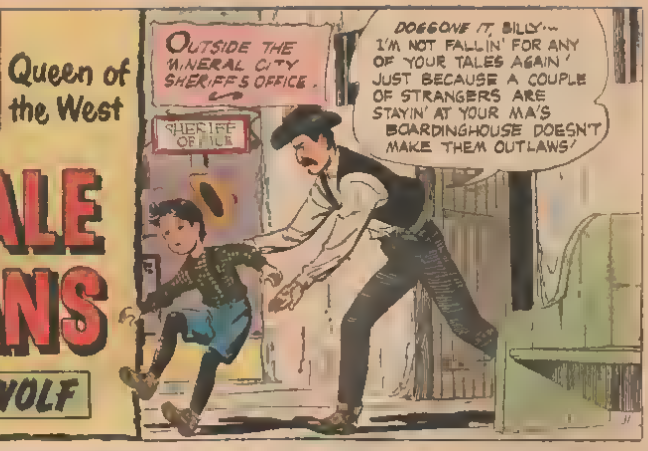
There was only one answer—the telegraph, recently invented by Samuel F. B. Morse. The problem was to show the country that a flimsy wire could be stretched across prairie, badland, mountain, and desert, to bind a nation together. This job fell to a fearless gentleman named Hiram Sibley, whose telegraph company stubbornly set out to build a line from St. Louis to California.

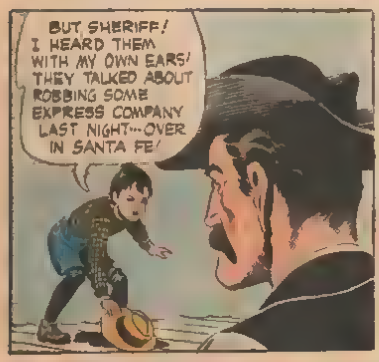
They left amid hoots and jeers—no one thought it could be done, and those who thought it might, expected it to take years. But determined Mr. Sibley, with a thousand oxen, a hundred teams of mules, and four crews of men, went to work in late spring of 1861.

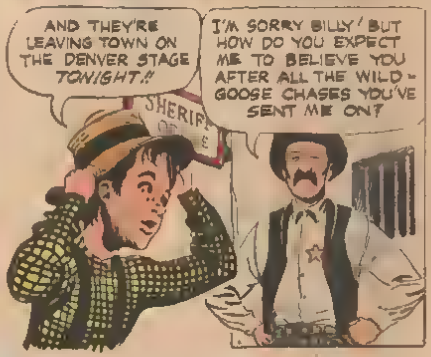
Exactly four months and eleven days later, despite raiding Indians who liked the wire for tethering their ponies, and cowboys who used the glass insulators for target practice, Hiram Sibley's wire to the west was done. President Lincoln wired his congratulations to the Governor of California within minutes, and an amazed nation cheered!

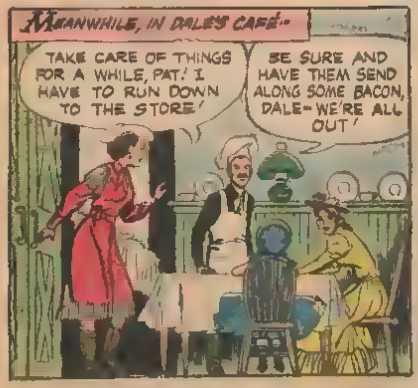
Queen of the West

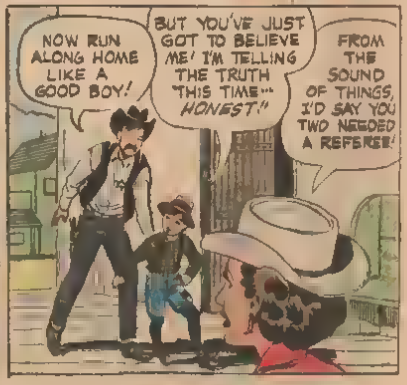
DALE EVANS in CRY WOLF

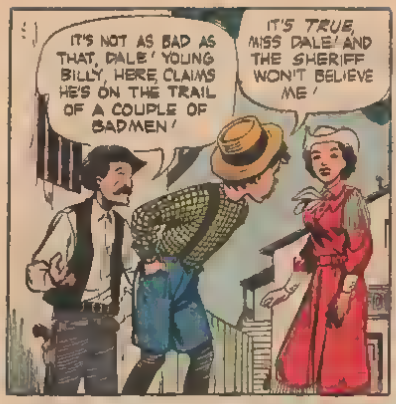


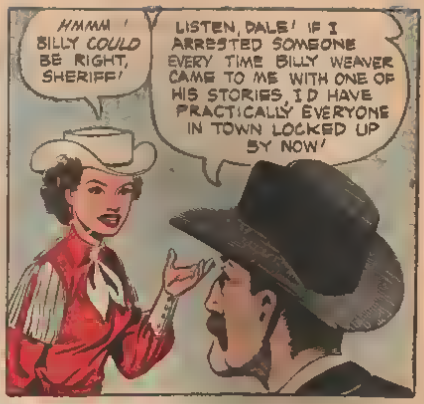


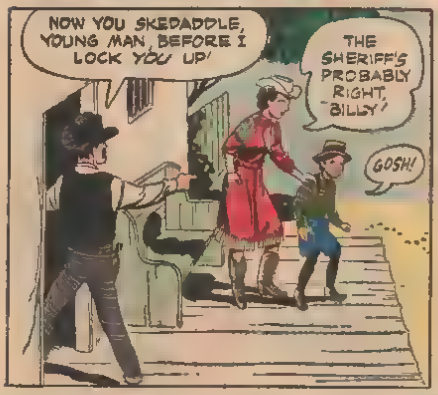


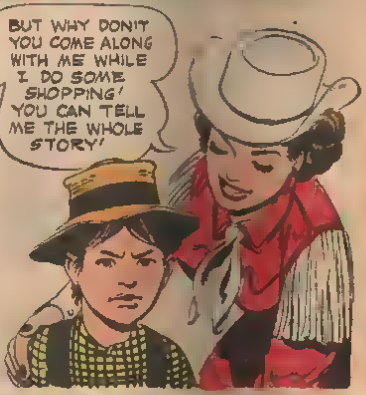





IT'S NOT AS BAD AS THAT, DALE! YOUNG BILLY, HERE, CLAIMS HE'S ON THE TRAIL OF A COUPLE OF BADMEN!
IT'S TRUE, MISS DALE! AND THE SHERIFF WON'T BELIEVE ME!


HMMM! BILLY COULD BE RIGHT, SHERIFF!
LISTEN, DALE! IF I ARRESTED SOMEONE EVERY TIME BILLY WEAVER CAME TO ME WITH ONE OF HIS STORIES, I'D HAVE PRACTICALLY EVERYONE IN TOWN LOCKED UP BY NOW!

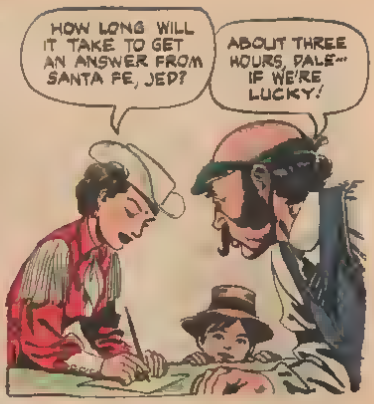

NOW YOU SKEDADDLE, YOUNG MAN, BEFORE I LOCK YOU UP!
THE SHERIFF'S PROBABLY RIGHT, BILLY!
GOSH!

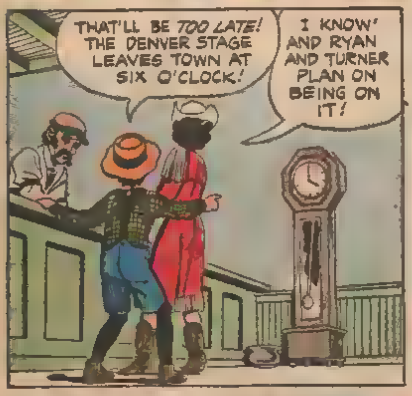

BUT WHY DON'T YOU COME ALONG WITH ME WHILE I DO SOME SHOPPING! YOU CAN TELL ME THE WHOLE STORY!

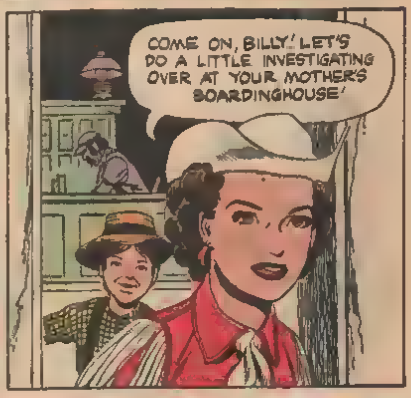
AFTER BILLY EXPLAINS ...
IF WHAT YOU SAY IS TRUE, BILLY, WE MAY BE HEADED FOR TROUBLE! I'D LIKE TO FIND OUT A LITTLE MORE ABOUT IT!
YOU MEAN YOU BELIEVE ME?!

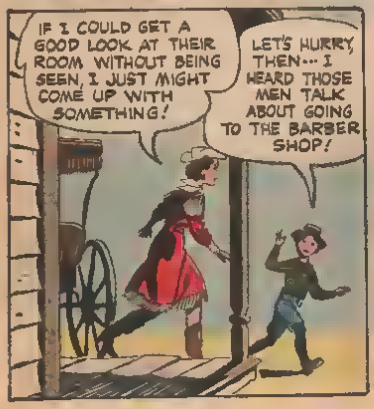
I MEAN WE'RE GOING TO NEED MORE DEFINITE PROOF BEFORE THE SHERIFF WILL BELIEVE IT! NOW WHAT DID YOU SAY THEIR NAMES WERE?
SAM RYAN AND FLOY TURNER! THAT'S WHAT THEY SIGNED IN MA'S REGISTER!

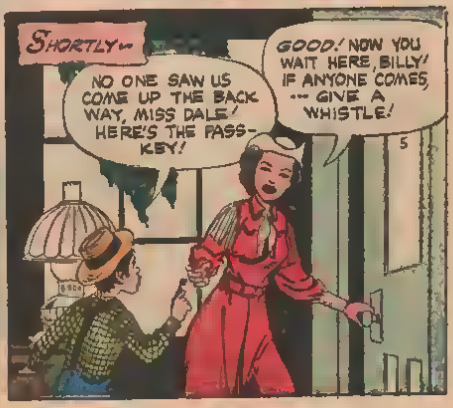
THOSE NAMES DON'T SOUND FAMILIAR BUT IF THE EXPRESS COMPANY IN SANTA FE WAS ROBBED LAST NIGHT, THE SHERIFF THERE WOULD KNOW ABOUT IT!
GOLLY! THAT'S RIGHT!


HOW LONG WILL IT TAKE TO GET AN ANSWER FROM SANTA FE, JED?
ABOUT THREE HOURS, DALE-- IF WE'RE LUCKY!


THAT'LL BE TOO LATE! THE DENVER STAGE LEAVES TOWN AT SIX O'CLOCK!
I KNOW! AND RYAN AND TURNER PLAN ON BEING ON IT!


COME ON, BILLY! LET'S DO A LITTLE INVESTIGATING OVER AT YOUR MOTHER'S BOARDINGHOUSE!


IF I COULD GET A GOOD LOOK AT THEIR ROOM WITHOUT BEING SEEN, I JUST MIGHT COME UP WITH SOMETHING!
LET'S HURRY, THEN--- I HEARD THOSE MEN TALK ABOUT GOING TO THE BARBER SHOP!


SHORTLY--
NO ONE SAW US COME UP THE BACK WAY, MISS DALE! HERE'S THE PASS-KEY!
GOOD! NOW YOU WAIT HERE, BILLY! IF ANYONE COMES, --- GIVE A WHISTLE!
5

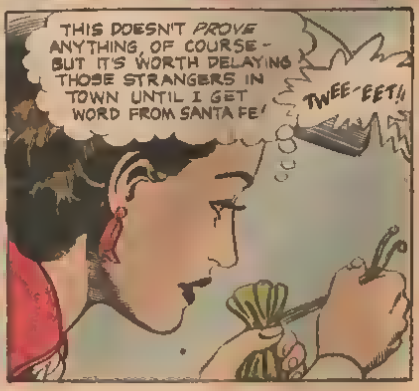
IF THE SHERIFF KNEW WHAT I WAS UP TO HE'D REALLY HIT THE CEILING!

BUT THEN HE'D FEEL A LOT WORSE IF HE FOUND OUT THOSE BOYS WERE OUTLAWS *AFTER* THEY LEFT TOWN!

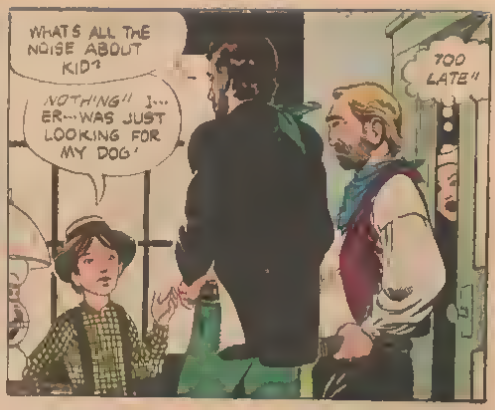
NOTHING IN HERE BUT A FEW CLOTHES AND SOME DIRTY LAUNDRY!

WELL!! THIS LOOKS NTERESTING!

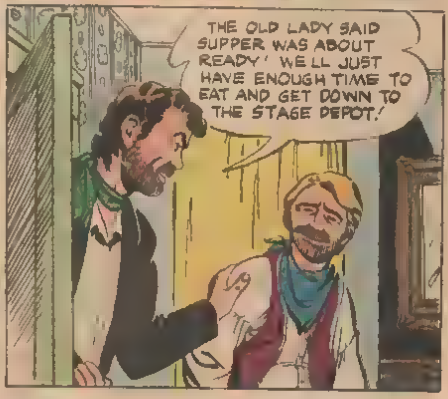
IT'S FULL OF MONEY! WHY, THERE MUST BE *THOUSANDS* HERE!


THIS DOESN'T *PROVE* ANYTHING, OF COURSE - BUT IT'S WORTH DELAYING THOSE STRANGERS IN TOWN UNTIL I GET WORD FROM SANTA FE!
TWEE-EET!!

TWEE EE EET!
UH-OH! THAT'S BILLY'S SIGNAL! I'D BETTER GET OUT OF SIGHT, FAST!


WHAT'S ALL THE NOISE ABOUT KID?
NOTHING!! I... ER--WAS JUST LOOKING FOR MY DOG!
TOO LATE!!

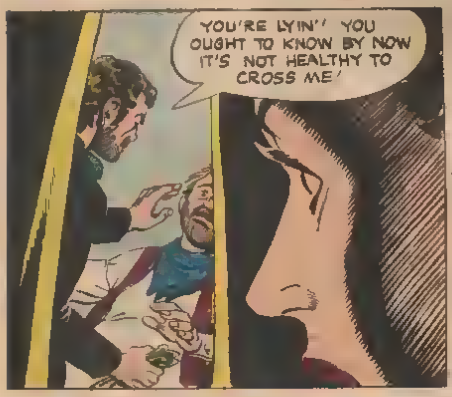
I'LL STAY IN THIS CLOSET AND HOPE I'M NOT SPOTTED!


THE OLD LADY SAID SUPPER WAS ABOUT READY! WE'LL JUST HAVE ENOUGH TIME TO EAT AND GET DOWN TO THE STAGE DEPOT!

HEY! WHAT'S THIS DOIN' HERE?!
HUH? WHAT RE YOU TALKIN' ABOUT?

I'M TALKIN' ABOUT THIS CASH! WHAT'S IT DOIN' IN YOUR BAG?
G-GOSH, I DON'T KNOW!

NO?! WELL I THINK I DO! YOU FIGURED ON SNEAKIN' OUT ON ME, EH FLOY!
NO, SAM! HONEST I DIDN'T!


YOU'RE LYIN'! YOU OUGHT TO KNOW BY NOW IT'S NOT HEALTHY TO CROSS ME!

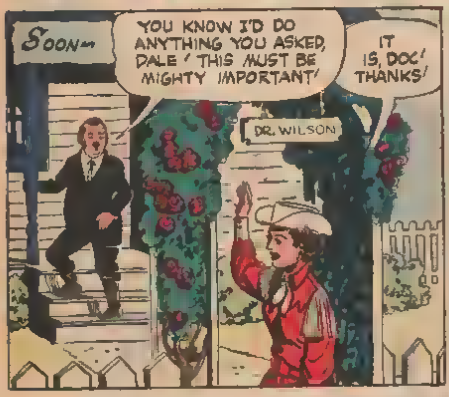
NOW LET'S GO DOWN AND EAT! YOU'RE GONNA STAY RIGHT WHERE I CAN SEE YOU TILL WE BOARD THAT STAGE!

I'M SURE GLAD THAT'S OVER! I CAN BREATHE AGAIN!

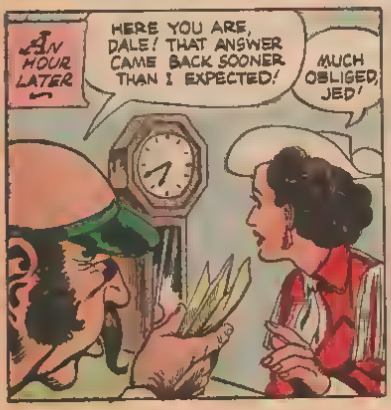
GEE I WAS SCARED, MISS DALE! DID YOU FIND OUT ANYTHING?
I THINK SO BILLY! BUT I CAN'T BE ABSOLUTELY SURE TILL I HEAR FROM THE SANTA FE SHERIFF!

HOW CAN WE KEEP THOSE MEN FROM LEAVING AT SIX O'CLOCK?
THERE'S ONE WAY OF DOING IT WITHOUT AROUSING THEIR SUSPICION!

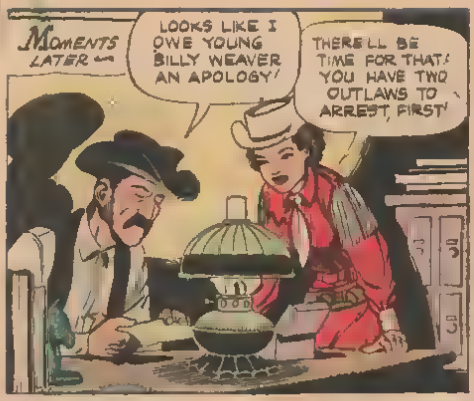
AND IT'S GOING TO DEPEND ON YOU, BILLY!
NOW, HERE'S MY PLAN...

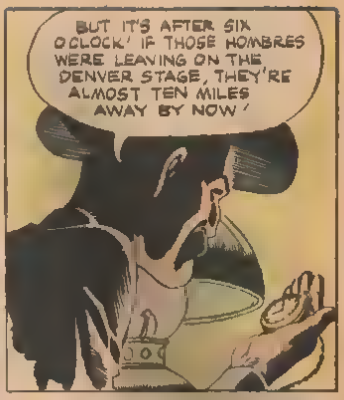

SOON—
YOU KNOW I'D DO ANYTHING YOU ASKED, DALE! THIS MUST BE MIGHTY IMPORTANT!
IT IS, DOC! THANKS!
DR. WILSON

I HAVE AN IDEA THOSE TWO HOMBRES WON'T TRY LEAVING TOWN NOW, BUT I BETTER KEEP AN EYE ON THE BOARDING-HOUSE, ANYWAY!


AN HOUR LATER—
HERE YOU ARE, DALE! THAT ANSWER CAME BACK SOONER THAN I EXPECTED!
MUCH OBLIGED, JED!

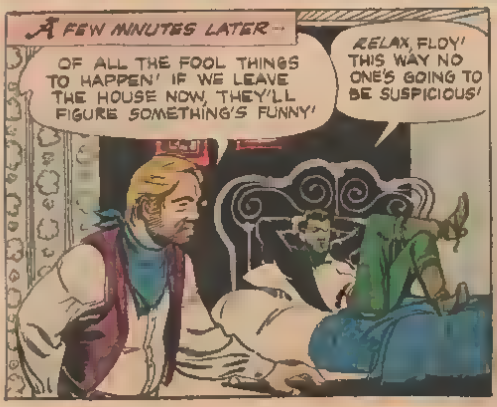
THIS IS ALL THE PROOF WE NEED! NOW I'LL TELL THE SHERIFF!
TELEGRA

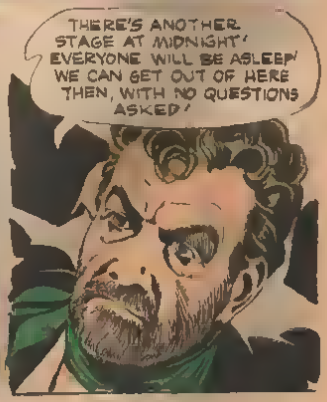

MOMENTS LATER ...
LOOKS LIKE I OWE YOUNG BILLY WEAVER AN APOLOGY!
THERE'LL BE TIME FOR THAT! YOU HAVE TWO OUTLAWS TO ARREST, FIRST!


BUT IT'S AFTER SIX O'CLOCK! IF THOSE HOMBRES WERE LEAVING ON THE DENVER STAGE, THEY'RE ALMOST TEN MILES AWAY BY NOW!

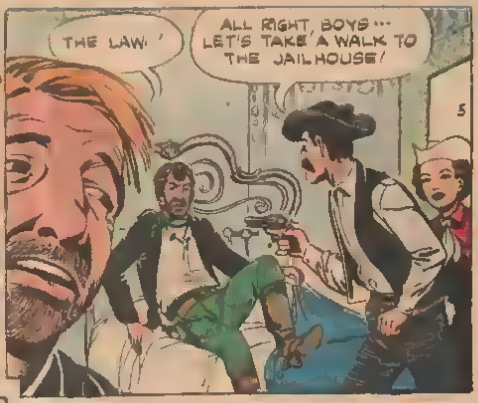
I DON'T THINK THEY'VE LEFT YET, SHERIFF! I HAVE AN IDEA YOU'LL FIND THEM IN THEIR ROOM AT WEAVER'S BOARDING-HOUSE!

SOMETIMES I WONDER HOW YOU KNOW THESE THINGS, DALE... BUT I'M NOT GOING TO WASTE TIME FINDING OUT RIGHT NOW!


A FEW MINUTES LATER...
OF ALL THE FOOL THINGS TO HAPPEN! IF WE LEAVE THE HOUSE NOW, THEY'LL FIGURE SOMETHING'S FUNNY!
RELAX, FLOY! THIS WAY NO ONE'S GOING TO BE SUSPICIOUS!


THERE'S ANOTHER STAGE AT MIDNIGHT! EVERYONE WILL BE ASLEEP! WE CAN GET OUT OF HERE THEN, WITH NO QUESTIONS ASKED!

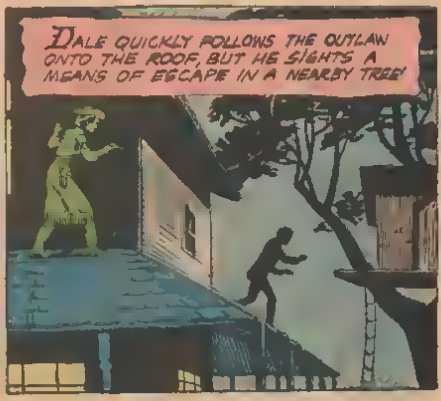
BY MORNIN' WE'LL BE SO FAR AWAY, THE SANTA FE SHERIFF WILL NEVER FIND US!
YOU FORGOT ABOUT THIS SHERIFF!


THE LAW!
ALL RIGHT, BOYS... LET'S TAKE A WALK TO THE JAILHOUSE!
5

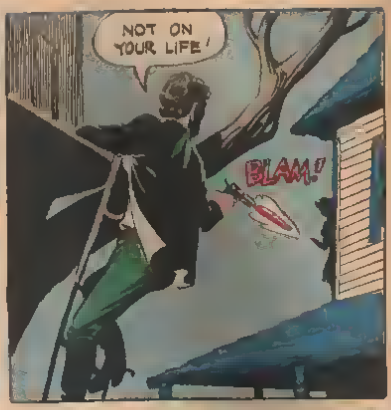
COUNT ME OUT, SHERIFF!
BLAM!
HEY!

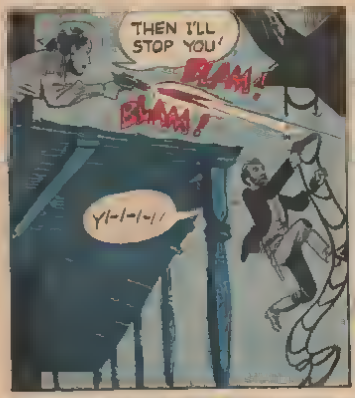
I'LL GET HIM, SHERIFF! WATCH THE OTHER ONE!

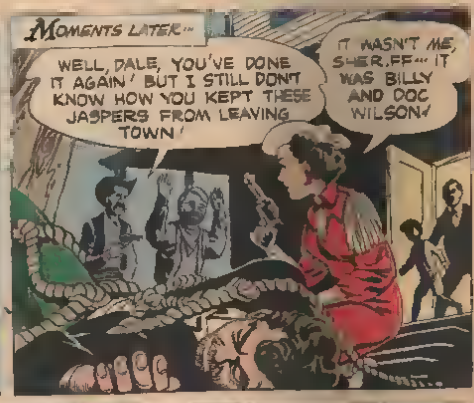
BLAM!
STAY WHERE YOU ARE, SISTER!


DALE QUICKLY FOLLOWS THE OUTLAW ONTO THE ROOF, BUT HE SIGHTS A MEANS OF ESCAPE IN A NEARBY TREE!

BETTER STOP WHILE YOU HAVE THE CHANCE, MISTER!


NOT ON YOUR LIFE!
BLAM!


THEN I'LL STOP YOU!
BLAM!
BLAM!
Y!-!-!-!!


MOMENTS LATER--
WELL, DALE, YOU'VE DONE IT AGAIN! BUT I STILL DON'T KNOW HOW YOU KEPT THESE JASPERS FROM LEAVING TOWN!
IT WASN'T ME, SHER.FF-- IT WAS BILLY AND DOC WILSON!

FIRST I HAD BILLY PUT A FEW LIPSTICK SPOTS ON HIS FACE TO LOOK LIKE MEASLES!
THEN I CAME OVER AND PUT A QUARANTINE ON THE HOUSE! THOSE FELLOWS KNEW WE'D GET SUSPICIOUS IF THEY TRIED TO LEAVE!
QUARANTINE
MEASLES

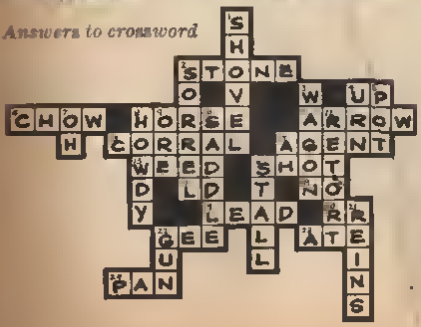
WELL IT SURE WORKED! AND BILLY MY BOY-- STARTING RIGHT NOW, I'M GOING TO BELIEVE JUST ABOUT EVERYTHING YOU TELL ME!
GOLLY, SHERIFF! THAT'S SWELL!
THE END!

THEY CALLED HIM NIGHTHAWK

. . . And said he had swapped his bedroll for a lantern. This was the night wrangler on a roundup, whose responsibility was to guard the horse herd while the rest of the roundup crew slept. The job was a lonely and hard one — a lot of will power was required to stay awake in the saddle after only a few hours of daytime sleep in a noisy cow camp.

On a dark night, a nighthawk could easily lose track of a few horses, much to his dismay, for rounding them up at daybreak often delayed him in bringing in the horses for the rest of the crew. Then, no matter how good his excuse, he was soundly scolded by the roundup boss — for a good boss looked on his wranglers as pupils and his cow camp as a school for the West's finest cowboys.

Answers to crossword



A PLEDGE DELL COMIC TO PARENTS

The Dell Trademark is, and always has been, a positive guarantee that the comic magazine bearing it contains only clean and wholesome entertainment. The Dell code eliminates entirely, rather than regulates, objectionable material. That's why when your child buys a Dell Comic you can be sure it contains only good fun. "DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS" is our credo and constant goal.

JUICY FRUIT GUM *Safety Quiz*

Have Some Fun!

See if you can tel

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS PICTURE

Pick out the mistakes and see how many stars you rate in the safety quiz. You rate one star for each mistake you find. See if you can be a "five-star safety expert".

(To find out what score you made, turn the page up side-down.)

ANSWERS: "Ducking" another person while swimming • Eating just before going swimming • Playing ball in the midst of a crowd • Swimming outside safety area • Throwing sand in another person's face.

HERE'S A "5-STAR" IDEA!

Tell your Mom that chewing JUICY FRUIT GUM helps keep your teeth clean and that it won't spoil your appetite. Ask her to bring home a few packages